PR 2607
.A1
1902
Copy 1

Class PR2607

Book .A1

PRESENTED BY 1902

THE CASE IS ALTERED

A COMEDY

29

By

BEN JONSON

PRESENTED BY STUDENTS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO AT
THE AUDITORIUM THEATER, MAY SEVENTEENTH,
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO

Revised after the original edition of 1609

CHICAGO
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
1902

PR 2607
.A1
1902

P.
Publ.
22

M.E. Al. 6.16.

INTRODUCTION.

The text of the following reprint of Ben Jonson's *The Case is Altered* is based upon that of the Gifford-Cunningham edition, carefully revised, however, after a transcript (made by Mr. S. A. Chevalier) of the copy of the original edition of 1609 now in the Barton collection in the Boston Public Library. The old stage directions have been restored, although most of those added by modern editors have been retained; the old division into acts and scenes has been restored so far as it goes; the punctuation has been renovated; and some forty or fifty alterations have been made in the modern text itself to bring it into closer conformity with the original; so that altogether, as here presented, the case is considerably altered!

The play seems to have been one of Jonson's early studies, before he had definitely renounced the romantic vein and the Italian atmosphere found in most of the contemporary dramatists; and, aside from the first version of *Every Man in His Humour*, it seems to be the only one which has come down to us from among the various pieces of this period in which we have reason to believe that he had a hand. Its date is pretty definitely fixed by the fact that the words of Act I, Scene 1. "You are in print already for the best plotter," applied to Antonio Balladino, are plainly a reference to a passage in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, published in the autumn of 1598, which cites Anthony Munday as "our best plotter"; and by the further fact that *The Case is Altered* is definitely mentioned by name in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, which appeared in 1599. Our play first appeared in print in 1609—apparently a surreptitious publication, for it was afterwards included in neither the folio collection of Jonson's plays

in 1616, nor in the second folio volume the separate contents of which bear various dates from 1631 to 1641, and the text and typography of the 1609 quarto are as careless and corrupt as possible.

It is highly interesting as a specimen of Jonson's work in his formative years. It prompts speculation as to what he might have done in the romantic vein had he gone on in this way. There are in it scenes which suggest the sprightly encounters of the youths and pages in Lyly's comedies. There are passages of word-play and fun and the sympathetic depicting of colloquial and familiar humors which are like similar passages in Chapman or even in the early comedies of Shakspere; passages of gallantry, too, wit-combats of man's tongue and woman's tongue, and a tale of romantic love and devotion, which bear the type-marks of the school of the Shakspere of the first period. Played by child actors, at the Blackfriars Theater, it is purposely slight in structure and avoids strenuous or serious feeling. The figure of the miser and the story of his gold and of the wooing of his daughter is drawn from the *Aulularia* of Plautus; the figures of the father, of the one son expecting redemption from captivity, and of the other son long lost and exchanging names with his patron that the latter may the more readily escape, from his *Captivi*. The germs of Jonson's later study of formidable "humours" are here in the character of Jaques, of Christophero, and even of Count Ferneze, just as his later literary satires and theatrical wars are here prefigured in the burlesque of Anthony Munday under the figure of Antonio Balladino, and just as the farcical movement and rich study of manners of his *Bartholomew Fair* are here in prototype in the scenes with Onion, Juniper, and the pages. The comedy

as a whole is lively and ingenious, as Gifford has said, and in the vein of farce it has sufficient lightness and "elegance" of composition; as Mr. Swinburne has written, it is "an excellent example of romantic comedy dashed with farce and flavoured with poetry."

There is no list of the characters of the play accompanying the original edition. As an introduction to these, accordingly, the editor and not the author offers the following list of the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Ferneze, *lord of Milan.*

Lord Paulo Ferneze, *his elder son, and soldier with Maximilian; in love with Rachel.*

Camillo Ferneze, *supposed* Gasper, *a younger son, long lost; protégé of Chamont.*

Lord Chamont, *a soldier of France.*

Maximilian, *general of the forces of Milan.*

Francisco Colonnia, *a gentleman of Milan.*

Angelo, *gentleman and friend to Paulo.*

Peter Onion, *groom of the hall.*

Juniper, *a cobbler, and retainer to Count Ferneze. A malaprop.*

Valentine, *servant to Colonnia.*

Pacue, *a French page.*

Finio, *a page.*

Page to Paulo.

Jaques de Prie, *a beggar and miser, really* Melun, *and formerly steward to Chamont's father.*

Rachel de Prie, *supposed daughter to Jaques; really* Isabel, *sister to Chamont.*

Antonio Balladino, *pageant poet* (Anthony Munday).

Christophero, *Count Ferneze's steward.*

Aurelia, *sprightly, witty*
Phœnixella, *sober, demure*
} *daughters to Count Ferneze.*

Sebastian,
Martino,
Vincentio,
Balthasar,
} *his servants.*

Sewer, Messenger, Servants, etc.

SCENE: *Milan.*

The following is a brief

SYNOPSIS OF THE ACTION.

The plot is a complication of *contretemps*, each strand of the story having an outcome in the discomfiture of some character or some change of fortune by which *the Case is Altered.*

ACT I.

Scene 1: The humors of Onion and Juniper, who are called to assist in serving at Count Ferneze's. Antonio Balladino, the pageant poet (covert satire on Anthony Munday, a contemporary poetaster). Valentine heralds the return of his master, Francisco Colonnia, from his travels, and learns that the household is in mourning for the recent death of the Lady Ferneze.

Scene 2: The humors of Juniper and Valentine. The wonders of travel.

Scene 3: Further conference of the servants. Introduction of Christophero, the steward. Lord Paulo is about to accompany Maximilian in the impending expedition against the French.

Scene 4: Lord Paulo, about to depart, entrusts the care and protection of his love, Rachel, to his nearest friend, Angelo.

Scene 5: The irascible Count Ferneze sets the household in an uproar seeking for his son Paulo. Onion in high dudgeon, and cashiered. Juniper intercedes for him. Maximilian, who has taken offense at Onion's conduct, yields his pardon. Leave-taking by Maximilian and Paulo. Wit-combat between Aurelia and Angelo. Maximilian answers to Count Ferneze for Paulo's safety, and hears the story of the loss of the other son, Camillo.

Scene 6: Maximilian goes on before. Paulo parts from Rachel, commending Angelo to her. Jaques appears.

ACT II.

Scene 1: Soliloquy of Jaques, who tells his history and that of Rachel. Rachel cautioned against housebreakers.

Scene 2: Onion tells Christophero of his love for Rachel and asks his help. Christophero resolves to seek her for himself, with the aid of Count Ferneze.

Scene 3: Aurelia and Phœnixella: the contrast in their characters.

Scene 4: Further wit-combats, Aurelia *vs.* Angelo, Phœnixella *vs.* Francisco.

Scene [5]*:* Count Ferneze twits Angelo with his flirtations.

Scene [6]*:* Christophero secures Count Ferneze's furtherance to his suit for Rachel.

Scene [7]*:* Humors of Juniper, Onion, and the servants. Valentine discourses on the theaters of Utopia (England). Cudgel-play between Onion and Martino in which the former gets his head broken.

ACT III.

Scene 1: Angelo, false to his friend, seeks the love of Rachel.

Scene 2: Christophero entreats Jaques for the hand of Rachel. Alarm of Jaques for his gold.

Scene 3: Count Ferneze himself, finally, comes to cut out his steward and win the hand of Rachel.

Scene 4: A messenger announces to Count Ferneze that his son Paulo has been taken prisoner by the French. This cures him of love. He prepares to ransom Paulo.

Scene 5: Jaques the miser and his gold.

ACT IV.

Scene 1: Return of Maximilian, with his prisoners Chamont and Camillo. As a precaution these have exchanged names; so that Maximilian is deceived as to the identity of each. He retains Camillo (Gasper), supposing him to be the Lord Chamont, as a hostage, and determines to send off the real Chamont to arrange an exchange of prisoners, Paulo for the supposed Chamont. But Pacue, the page, knows the secret. The two French prisoners meet the count and his daughters. Phœnixella is taken with Gasper, Aurelia with Chamont.

Scene 2: Pacue and Finio, the pages, practice their steps to the admiration and edification of Onion.

Scene 3: Parting of Chamont from Camillo. The former promises to return on the day set and redeem his friend.

Scene 4: Onion's love-lunes. He gets Juniper's aid.

Scene 5: Angelo tries to woo Rachel away from the memory of Paulo. Onion and Juniper interrupt. Onion's wooing. The return of Jaques, who drives Juniper off, while Onion unespied

hides in a tree, whence he later sees Jaques unearth his treasure, gloat over it, replace it, and depart. Onion and Juniper run off with Jaques' gold.

Scene 6: Pacue has revealed the secret of the identity of Camillo. Count Ferneze accuses Maximilian of being a party to the plot. They quarrel.

ACT V.

Scene 1: Angelo gets Christophero to lure Jaques away from home by dropping gold pieces as he departs and calling to Jaques to follow. Whereupon Angelo gets Rachel to follow him on the pretext of a message from Paulo summoning her. Jaques returns and discovers his loss of both gold and daughter.

Scene 2: Juniper and Onion, roistering, are spending their loot and setting up as gentlemen. They are baited by the pages.

Scene 3: Angelo woos Rachel, in vain. Paulo returning with Chamont comes upon them, rescues Rachel, and discovers Angelo's treachery, which, however, he soon pardons.

Scene 4: Camillo is condemned to execution by Count Ferneze because Chamont has not returned at the hour appointed. Execution is delayed by the irruption of Christophero clamoring for his lost love and of Jaques clamoring for his gold; the Count joins his clamors for his lost son to theirs. The return of Paulo is announced to the Count. They enter. Reunion and explanations. Discovery Scene: Chamont hears of the story of the long lost son and proves that Gasper is he. Phœnixella loses a lover but gains a brother.

Jaques demands justice. His story is forced from him, and the identity of Rachel with Isabel, the long lost sister of Chamont, is established. Paulo receives her hand, while Chamont receives Aurelia's. Onion and Juniper are sent to punishment. Maximilian epiloguizes.

F. I. C.

A Pleaſant Comedy,

CALLED.

The Caſe is Alterd.

As it hath beene ſundry times acted by the children of the Black-friers.

Written by BEN. IONSON.

LONDON,
Printed for *Bartholomew Sutton*, and *William Barrenger*,
and are to be ſold at the great North-doore
of Saint Paules Church. 1609.

Actus Primi—Scæna prima.

Sound! After a flourish, Juniper, *a cobbler, is discovered, sitting at work in his shop, and singing.*

Jun. "You woful wights, give ear awhile,
And mark the tenor of my style,
Which shall such trembling hearts unfold,
As seldom hath to-fore been told.
Such chances rare, and doleful news,"

Enter Onion, *in haste.*

Oni. Fellow Juniper! peace a God's name.

Jun. "As may attempt your wits to muse."

Oni. God's so, hear, man! a pox a God on you!

Jun. "And cause such trickling tears to pass,
Except your hearts be flint or brass;"

Oni. Juniper! Juniper!

Jun. "To hear the news which I shall tell,
That in Castella once befell"—
'Sblood, where didst thou learn to corrupt a man in the midst of a verse, ha?

Oni. God's lid, man, service is ready to go up, man; you must slip on your coat, and come in; we lack waiters pitifully.

Jun. A pitiful hearing; for now must I of a merry cobbler become a mourning creature.

Oni. Well, you'll come?

Jun. Presto! Go to, a word to the wise; away, fly, vanish! [*Exit* Onion.
Lie there the weeds that I disdain to wear.

[Enter *Antonio Balladino.*]

Ant. God save you, Master Juniper!

Jun. What, Signior Antonio Balladino! welcome, sweet ingle.

Ant. And how do you, sir?

Jun. Faith, you see, put to my shifts here, as poor retainers be oftentimes. Sirrah Antony, there's one of my fellows mightily enamoured of thee; and i'faith, you slave, now you are come, I'll bring you together: it's Peter Onion, the groom of the hall; do you know him?

Ant. No, not yet, I assure you.

Jun. O, he is one as right of thy humour as may be, a plain simple rascal, a true dunce; marry, he hath been a notable villain in his time: he is in love, sirrah, with a wench, and I have preferred thee to him; thou shalt make him some pretty paradox, or some allegory. How does my coat sit? well?

Ant. Ay, very well.

Re-enter Onion.

Oni. Nay, God's so, fellow Juniper, come away.

Jun. Art thou there, mad slave? I come with a powder! Sirrah, fellow Onion, I must have you peruse this gentleman well, and do him good offices of respect and kindness, as instance shall be given. [*Exit.*

Ant. Nay, good Master Onion [*Onion bows very low*], what do you mean? I pray you, sir—you are too respective, in good faith.

Oni. I would not you should think so, sir; for though I have no learning, yet I honour a scholar in any ground of the earth, sir. Shall I request your name, sir?

Ant. My name is Antonio Balladino.

Oni. Balladino! you are not pageant poet to the city of Milan, sir, are you?

Ant. I supply the place, sir, when a worse cannot be had, sir.

Oni. I cry you mercy, sir; I love you the better for that, sir; you must pardon me, I knew you not; but I'ld pray to be better acquainted with you; sir, I have seen of your works.

Ant. I am at your service, good Master Onion; but concerning this maiden that you love, sir, what is she?

Oni. O, did my fellow Juniper tell you? Marry, sir, she is, as one may say, but a poor man's child indeed, and for mine own part, I am no gentleman born, I must confess; but *my mind to me a kingdom is*, truly.

Ant. Truly a very good saying.

Oni. 'Tis somewhat stale; but that's no matter.

Ant. O 'tis the better; such things ever are like bread, which the staler it is, the more wholesome.

Oni. This is but a hungry comparison, in my judgment.

Ant. Why, I'll tell you, Master Onion, I do use as much stale stuff, though I say it myself, as any man does in that kind, I am sure, Did you see the last pageant I set forth?

Oni. No, faith, sir; but there goes a huge report on't.

Ant. Why, you shall be one of my Mæcenasses; I'll give you one of the books; O, you'll like it admirably.

Oni. Nay, that's certain; I'll get my fellow Juniper to read it.

Ant. Read it, sir! I'll read it to you.

Oni. Tut, then I shall not choose but like it.

Ant. Why look you, sir, I write so plain and keep that old decorum that you must of necessity like it; marry, you shall have some now (as for example, in plays) that will have every day new

tricks, and write you nothing but humours: indeed this pleases the gentlemen, but the common sort they care not for't; they know not what to make on't; they look for good matter, they, and are not edified with such toys.

Oni. You are in the right, I'll not give a halfpenny to see a thousand on 'em. I was at one the last term; but and ever I see a more roguish thing, I am a piece of cheese, and no Onion: nothing but kings and princes in it; the fool came not out a jot.

Ant. True, sir; they would have me make such plays; but as I tell 'em, and they'll give me twenty pound a play, I'll not raise my vein.

Oni. No, it were a vain thing and you should, sir.

Ant. Tut, give me the penny, give me the penny, I care not for the gentlemen, I; let me have a good ground, no matter for the pen, the plot shall carry it.

Oni. Indeed that's right; you are in print already for the best plotter.

Ant. Ay, I might as well have been put in for a dumb show too.

Oni. Ay, marry, sir, I marle you were not. Stand aside, sir, a while.— [*Exit* Antonio.

[*Enter an armed* Sewer, *some half dozen in mourning coats following, and pass by with service.*

Enter Valentine.

How now, friend, what are you there? be uncovered. Would you speak with any man here?

Val. Ay, or else I must ha' returned you no answer.

Oni. Friend, you are somewhat too peremptory; let's crave your absence; nay, never scorn it, I am a little your better in this place.

Val. I do acknowledge it.

Oni. Do you acknowledge it? nay, then you shall go forth; I'll teach you how [you] shall acknowledge it another time; go to, void, I must have the hall purged; no setting up of a rest here; pack, begone!

Val. I pray you, sir, is not your name Onion?

Oni. Your friend as you may use him, and Master Onion; say on.

Val. Master Onion, with a murrain! come, put put off this lion's hide, your ears have discovered you. Why, Peter! do not I know you, Peter?

Oni. God's so, Valentine!

Val. O, can you take knowledge of me now, sir?

Oni. Good Lord, sirrah, how thou art altered with thy travel!

Val. Nothing so much as thou art with thine office; but, sirrah Onion, is the Count Ferneze at home?

Oni. Ay, bully, he is above, and the Lord Paulo Ferneze, his son, and Madam Aurelia and Madam Phœnixella, his daughters; but, O Valentine!

Val. How now, man! how dost thou?

Oni. Faith, sad, heavy, as a man of my coat ought to be.

Val. Why, man, thou wert merry enough even now.

Oni. True; but thou knowest

> "All creatures here sojourning,
> Upon this wretched earth,
> Sometimes have a fit of mourning,
> As well as a fit of mirth."

O Valentine, mine old lady is dead, man.

Val. Dead!

Oni. I'faith.

Val. When died she?

Oni. Marry, to-morrow shall be three months; she was seen going to heaven, they say, about some five weeks agone—how now? trickling tears, ha!

Val. Faith, thou hast made me weep with this news.

Oni. Why, I have done but the part of an Onion; you must pardon me.

Scæne 2.

Enter the Sewer; *pass by with service again, the* serving men *take knowledge of* Valentine *as they go.* Juniper *salutes him.*

Jun. What, Valentine! fellow Onion, take my dish, I prithee. [*Exit* Onion *with the dish.*] You rogue, sirrah, tell me how thou dost, sweet ingle.

Val. Faith, Juniper, the better to see thee thus frolic.

Jun. Nay! 'slid, I am no changeling; I am Juniper still. I keep the pristinate; ha, you mad hieroglyphic, when shall we swagger?

Val. Hieroglyphic! what meanest thou by that?

Jun. Mean! God's so, is it not a good word, man? what, stand upon meaning with your friends? Puh! abscond.

Val. Why, but stay, stay; how long has this sprightly humour haunted thee?

Jun. Foh, humour! a foolish natural gift we have in the Æquinoctial.

Val. Natural! 'slid, it may be supernatural, this.

Jun. Valentine, I prithee ruminate thyself welcome. What, *fortuna de la guerra!*

Val. O how pitifully are these words forced, as though they were pumpt out on's belly.

Jun. Sirrah ingle, I think thou hast seen all the strange countries in Christendom since thou went'st.

Val. I have seen some, Juniper.

Jun. You have seen Constantinople?

Val. Ay, that I have.

Jun. And Jerusalem, and the Indies, and Goodwin Sands, and the Tower of Babylon, and Venice, and all?

Val. Ay, all; no marle and he ha' a nimble tongue, if he practise to vault thus from one side of the world to another. [*Aside.*

Jun. O, it's a most heavenly thing to travel and see countries; especially at sea, an a man had a patent not to be sick.

Val. O, sea-sick jest, and full of the scurvy!

Scæne 3.

Re-enter Juniper, Sebastian, Martino, Vincentio, *and* Balthasar.

Seb. Valentine! welcome, i' faith; how dost, sirrah?

Mar. How do you, good Valentine?

Vin. Troth, Valentine, I am glad to see you.

Bal. Welcome, sweet rogue.

Seb. Before God, he never looked better in his life.

Bal. And how is't, man? what *allo coragio?*

Val. Never better, gentlemen, i' faith.

Jun. 'S will! here comes the steward.

Enter Christophero.

Chris. Why, how now, fellows! all here, and nobody to wait above, now they are ready to rise? Look up, one or two. [*Exeunt* Juniper, Martino, *and* Vincentio.] Signior Francisco Colonnia's man, how does your good master?

Val. In health, sir; he will be here anon.

Chris. Is he come home then?

Val. Ay, sir; he is not past six miles hence; he sent me before to learn if Count Ferneze were here, and return him word.

Chris. Yes, my lord is here; and you may tell your master he shall come very happily to take his leave of Lord Paulo Ferneze; who is now instantly to depart with other noble gentlemen upon special service.

Val. I will tell him, sir.

Chris. I pray you do; fellows, make him drink.

Val. Sirs, what service is it they are employed in?

Seb. Why, against the French; they mean to have a fling at Milan again, they say.

Val. Who leads our forces, can you tell?

Seb. Marry, that does Signior Maximilian; he is above now.

Val. Who! Maximilian of Vicenza?

Balt. Ay, he; do you know him?

Val. Know him! O yes, he's an excellent brave soldier.

Balt. Ay, so they say: but one of the most vainglorious men in Europe.

Val. He is indeed; marry, exceeding valiant.

Seb. And that is rare.

Balt. What?

Seb. Why, to see a vainglorious man valiant.

Val. Well, he is so, I assure you.

Re-enter Juniper.

Jun. What, no further yet! Come on, you precious rascal, Sir Valentine; I'll give you a health, i' faith; fore the heavens, you mad Capriccio, hold hook and line. [*Exeunt.*

Scæne 4.

Enter Lord Paulo Ferneze, *his* Boy *following him.*

Pau. Boy!
Boy. My Lord.
Pau. Sirrah, go up to Signior Angelo,
And pray him, if he can, devise some means
To leave my father, and come speak with me.
Boy. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Pau. Well, heaven be auspicious in the event;
For I do this against my Genius!
And yet my thoughts cannot propose a reason
Why I should fear or faint thus in my hopes
Of one so much endeared to my love.
Some spark it is, kindled within the soul,
Whose light yet breaks not to the outward sense,
That propagates this timorous suspect;
His actions never carried any face
Of change or weakness; then I injure him
In being thus cold-conceited of his faith,—
O, here he comes.

Enter Angelo [*followed by* Boy].

Ang. How now, sweet lord, what's the matter?
Pau. Good faith, his presence makes me half asham'd
Of my stray'd thoughts.— Boy, bestow yourself.—
[*Exit* Boy.
Where is my father, Signior Angelo?
Ang. Marry, in the gallery, where your lordship left him.
Pau. That's well. Then, Angelo, I will be brief,
Since time forbids the use of circumstance.
How well you are received in my affection
Let it appear by this one instance only,

That now I will deliver to your trust
The dearest secrets treasur'd in my bosom.
Dear Angelo, you are not every man,
But one whom my election hath design'd
As the true proper object of my soul.
I urge not this to insinuate my desert,
Or supple your tried temper with soft phrases;
True friendship loathes such oily compliment:
But from the abundance of that love that flows
Through all my spirits is my speech enforc'd.

Ang. Before your lordship do proceed too far,
Let me be bold to intimate thus much:
That whatsoe'er your wisdom hath to expose,
Be it the weightiest and most rich affair
That ever was included in your breast,
My faith shall poise it; if not—

Pau. O, no more;
Those words have rapt me with their sweet effects.
So freely breath'd, and so responsible
To that which I endeavored to extract,
Arguing a happy mixture of our souls.

Ang. Why, were there no such sympathy, sweet lord,
Yet the impressure of those ample favours
I have deriv'd from your unmatched spirit,
Would bind my faith to all observances.

Pau. How! favours, Angelo! O speak not of them;
They are mere paintings, and import no merit.
Looks my love well? thereon my hopes are plac'd!
Faith that is bought with favours cannot last.

Enter Boy.

Boy. My lord.

Pau. How now!

Boy. You are sought for all about the house within; the count your father calls for you.

Pau. God!
What cross events do meet my purposes!
Now will he violently fret and grieve
That I am absent.—Boy, say I come presently.
[*Exit* Boy.
Sweet Angelo, I cannot now insist
Upon particulars; I must serve the time.
The main of all this is, I am in love.
Ang. Why starts your lordship?
Pau. I thought I heard my father coming hitherward.
List, ha!
Ang. I hear not anything.
It was but your imagination, sure.
Pau. No!
Ang. No, I assure your lordship.
Pau. I would work safely.
Ang. Why,
Has he no knowledge of it then?
Pau. O no;
No creature yet partakes it but yourself,
In a third person; and believe me, friend,
The world contains not now another spirit
To whom I would reveal it. Hark! hark!
Servants [*within.*] Signior Paulo! Lord Ferneze!
Ang. A pox upon those brazen-throated slaves!
What, are they mad, trow?
Pau. Alas, blame not them.
Their services are, clock-like, to be set
Backward and forward, at their lord's command.
You know my father's wayward, and his humour
Must not receive a check; for then all objects
Feed both his grief and his impatience,
And those affections in him are like powder,
Apt to inflame with every little spark,
And blow up reason; therefore, Angelo, peace.

Count F. [*within*]. Why, this is rare; is he not in the garden?
Chris. [*within*]. I know not, my lord.
Count F. [*within*]. See, call him.
Pau. He is coming this way; let's withdraw a little. [*Exeunt.*
Ser. [*within*]. Signior Paulo! Lord Ferneze! Lord Paulo!

Scæne 5.

Enter Count Ferneze, Maximilian, Aurelia, Phœnixella, Sebastian, *and* Balthasar.

Count F. Where should he be, trow? did you look in the armory?
Seb. No, my lord.
Count F. No? why there! O, who would keep such drones!— [*Exeunt* Seb. *and* Bal.

Enter Martino.

How now, ha' ye found him?
Mart. No, my lord.
Count F. *No, my lord!* I shall have shortly all my family
Speak nought but *No, my lord.* Where is Christophero?
Look how he stands! you sleepy knave—
Exit Martino.

Enter Christophero.

What, is he not in the garden?
Chris. No, my good lord.
Count F. Your *good lord!* O, how this smells of fennel!
You have been in the garden, it appears: well, well.

Re-enter Sebastian *and* Balthasar.

Bal. We cannot find him, my lord.
Seb. He is not in the armory.
Count F. He is not! he is no where, is he?
Max. Count Ferneze!
Count F. Signior.
Max. Preserve your patience, honourable count.
Count F. Patience!
A saint would lose his patience to be crost
As I am with a sort of motley brains;
See, see how like a nest of rooks they stand,
Gaping on one another!

Enter Onion.

Now, Diligence!
What news bring you?
Oni. An't please your honour—
Count F. Tut, tut, leave pleasing of my honour, Diligence; you double with me, come.
Oni. How! does he find fault with *please his honour?* 'Swounds, it has begun a serving-man's speech ever since I belonged to the blue order; I know not how it may show, now I am in black; but— [*Aside.*
Count F. What's that you mutter, sir; will you proceed?
Oni. An't like your good lordship—
Count F. Yet more! God's precious!
Oni. What, do not this like him neither? [*Aside.*
Count F. What say you, sir knave?
Oni. Marry, I say your lordship were best to set me to school again, to learn how to deliver a message.
Count F. What, do you take exceptions at me then?

Oni. Exceptions! I take no exceptions; but by God's so, your humours—

Count F. Go to, you are a rascal; hold your tongue.

Oni. Your lordship's poor servant, I.

Count F. Tempt not my patience.

Oni. Why I hope I am no spirit, am I?

Max. My lord, command your steward to correct the slave.

Oni. Correct him! 'sblood, come you and correct him and you have a mind to it. Correct him! that's a good jest, i' faith: the steward and you both come and correct him.

Count F. Nay, see! away with him, pull his cloth over his ears.

Oni. Cloth! tell me of your cloth! here's your cloth; nay, and I mourn a minute longer, I am the rottenest Onion that ever spake with a tongue.

[*They thrust him out.*

Max. What call [you] your hind's [name], Count Ferneze?

Count F. His name is Onion, signior.

Max. I thought him some such saucy companion.

Count F. Signior Maximilian.

Max. Sweet lord.

Count F. Let me entreat you, you would not regard
Any contempt flowing from such a spirit;
So rude, so barbarous.

Max. Most noble count,
Under your favour—

Count F. Why, I'll tell you, signior.
He'll bandy with me word for word; nay more,
Put me to silence, strike me perfect dumb;
And so amaze me, that oftentimes I know not

Whether to check or cherish his presumption:
Therefore, good signior—

Max. Sweet lord, satisfy yourself I am not now to learn how to manage my affections. I have observed and know the difference between a base wretch and a true man; I can distinguish them: the property of the wretch is, he would hurt, and cannot; of the man, he can hurt, and will not. [Aurelia *smiles.*

Count F. Go to, my merry daughter; O these looks
Agree well with your habit, do they not?

Enter Juniper [*in his cobbler's dress*].

Jun. Tut, let me alone. By your favour, this is the gentleman, I think. Sir, you appear to be an honourable gentleman; I understand, and could wish for mine own part that things were conden't otherwise than they are; but (the world knows) a foolish fellow somewhat proclive and hasty, he did it in a prejudicate humour; marry now, upon better computation he wanes, he melts, his poor eyes are in a cold sweat. Right noble signior, you can have but compunction; I love the man; tender your compassion.

Max. Doth any man here understand this fellow?

Jun. O God, sir! I may say *frustra* to the comprehension of your intellection.

Max. Before the Lord, he speaks all riddle, I think. I must have a comment ere I can conceive him.

Count F. Why, he sues to have his fellow Onion pardoned; and you must grant it, signior.

Max. O, with all my soul, my lord; is that his motion?

Jun. Ay, sir; and we shall retort these kind favours with all alacrity of spirit we can, sir, as may be most expedient, as well for the quality as the cause; till when, in spite of this compliment, I rest a poor cobbler, servant to my honourable lord here, your friend and Juniper. [*Exit.*

Max. How, Juniper!

Count F. Ay, signior.

Max. He is a sweet youth; his tongue has a happy turn when he sleeps.

Enter Paulo Ferneze, Francisco Colonnia, Angelo, *and* Valentine.

Count F. Ay, for then it rests.—O sir, you're welcome.
Why, God be thanked, you are found at last:
Signior Colonnia, truly you are welcome;
I am glad to see you, sir, so well returned.

Fran. I gladly thank your honour; yet, indeed
I am sorry for such cause of heaviness
As hath possest your lordship in my absence.

Count F. O, Francisco, you knew her what she was!

Fran. She was a wise and honourable lady.

Count F. Ay, was she not! well, weep not she is gone.
Passion's dull'd eye can make two griefs of one.
Whom death marks out, virtue nor blood can save:
Princes, as beggars, all must feed the grave.

Max. Are your horses ready, Lord Paulo?

Pau. Ay, signior; they stay for us at the gate.

Max. Well, 'tis good.—Ladies, I will take my leave of you; be your fortunes as yourselves, fair!—come, let us to horse! Count Ferneze, I bear a spirit full of thanks for all your honourable courtesies.

Count F. Sir, I could wish the number and value of them more in respect of your deservings. But, Signior Maximilian, I pray you a word in private. [*They walk aside.*

Aur. I'faith, brother, you are fitted for a general yonder. Beshrew my heart, if I had Fortunatus' hat here, and I would not wish myself a man, and go with you, only to enjoy his presence.

Pau. Why, do you love him so well, sister?

Aur. No, by my troth; but I have such an odd pretty apprehension of his humour, methinks, that I am e'en tickled with the conceit of it. O, he is a fine man.

Ang. And methinks another may be as fine as he.

Aur. O, Angelo, do you think I do urge any comparison against you? no, I am not so ill-bred as to be a depraver of your worthiness; believe me, if I had not some hope of your abiding with us, I should never desire to go out of black whilst I lived, but learn to speak i' the nose, and turn Puritan presently.

Ang. I thank you, lady; I know you can flout.

Aur. Come, do not take it so! i' faith, you wrong me.

Fran. Ay, but, madam,
Thus to disclaim in all the effects of pleasure
May make your sadness seem too much affected,
And then the proper grace of it is lost.

Phœn. Indeed, sir, if I did put on this sadness
Only abroad and in society,
And were in private merry and quick humour'd,
Then might it seem affected and abhorr'd:
But, as my looks appear, such is my spirit,
Drown'd up with confluence of grief and melancholy;

That, like to rivers, run through all my veins,
Quenching the pride and fervour of my blood.
Max. My honourable lord, no more.
There is the honour of my blood engag'd
For your son's safety.
Count F. Signior, blame me not
For tending his security so much;
He is mine only son, and that word *only*
Hath, with his strong and repercussive sound,
Struck my heart cold and given it a deep wound.
Max. Why, but stay, I beseech you; had your lordship ever any more sons than this?
Count F. Why, have not you known it, Maximilian?
Max. Let my sword fail me then.
Count F. I had one other, younger born than this
By twice so many hours as would fill
The circle of a year; his name Camillo,
Whom in that black and fearful night I lost
('Tis now a nineteen years agone at least,
And yet the memory of it sits as fresh
Within my brain as 'twere but yesterday),—
It was that night wherein the great Chamont,
The general for France, surprised Vicenza;
Methinks the horror of that clamorous shout
His soldiers gave when they attain'd the wall
Yet tingles in mine ear: methinks I see
With what amazed looks, distracted thoughts,
And minds confus'd, we that were citizens
Confronted one another; every street
Was filled with bitter self-tormenting cries,
And happy was that foot that first could press
The flowery champain bordering on Verona.
Here I, employ'd about my dear wife's safety,
Whose soul is now in peace, lost my Camillo;

Who sure was murdered by the barbarous soldiers,
Or else I should have heard — my heart is great.
"Sorrow is faint, and passion makes me sweat."

Max. Grieve not, sweet count, comfort your spirits; you have a son, a noble gentleman; he stands in the face of honour; for his safety, let that be no question; I am master of my fortune, and he shall share it with me. Farewell, my honourable lord: ladies, once more adieu. For yourself, madam, you are a most rare creature; I tell you so; be not proud of it: I love you. — Come, Lord Paulo, to horse.

Pau. Adieu, good Signior Francisco; farewell, sister.

[Scæne 6.]

Sound a tucket, and as they pass everyone severally depart. Maximilian, Paulo Ferneze, *and* Angelo *remain.*

Ang. How shall we rid him hence?

Pau. Why, well enough. — Sweet Signior Maximilian,
I have some small occasion to stay;
If it may please you but take horse afore,
I'll overtake you ere your troops be rang'd.

Max. Your motion doth taste well; Lord Ferneze, I go. [*Exit.*

Pau. Now, if my love, fair Rachel, were so happy
But to look forth. — See, fortune doth me grace

Enter Rachel.

Before I can demand. — How now, love!
Where is your father?

Rach. Gone abroad, my lord.

Pau. That's well.

Rach. Ay, but I fear he'll presently return.
Are you now going, my most honoured lord?

Pau. Ay, my sweet Rachel.
Ang. Before God, she is a sweet wench.
Pau. Rachel, I hope I shall not need to urge
The sacred purity of our affects,
As if it hung in trial or suspense;
Since in our hearts and by our mutual vows
It is confirm'd and seal'd in sight of heaven.
Nay, do not weep; why start you? fear not, love!
Your father cannot be return'd so soon.
I prithee do not look so heavily;
Thou shalt want nothing.
Rach. No! Is your presence nothing?
I shall want that, and wanting that, want all;
For that is all to me.
Pau. Content thee, sweet!
I have made choice here of a constant friend,
This gentleman; one on whose zealous love
I do repose more than on all the world,
Thy beauteous self excepted; and to him
Have I committed my dear care of thee,
As to my genius or my other soul.
Receive him, gentle love! and what defects
My absence proves, his presence shall supply.
The time is envious of our longer stay.
Farewell, dear Rachel!
Rach. Most dear lord, adieu!
Heaven and honour crown your deeds and you.
[*Exit.*
Pau. Faith, tell me, Angelo, how dost thou like her?
Ang. Troth, well, my lord; but shall I speak my mind?
Pau. I prithee do.
Ang. She is deriv'd too meanly to be wife
To such a noble person, in my judgment.
Pau. Nay, then thy judgment is too mean, I see:

Didst thou ne'er read, in difference of good,
'Tis more to shine in virtue than in blood.

Ang. Come, you are so sententious, my lord.

Enter Jaques.

Pau. Here comes her father.—How dost thou, good Jaques?

Ang. God save thee, Jaques!

Jaq. What should this mean?—Rachel! open the door. | *Exit.*

Ang. 'Sblood, how the poor slave looks, as though
He had been haunted by the spirit Lar,
Or seen the ghost of some great Satrapas
In an unsavoury sheet.

Pau. I muse he spake not;
Belike he was amaz'd, coming so suddenly
And unprepar'd.—Well, let us go.

Actus Secundi—Scæna Prima.

Enter Jaques *solus.*

Jaq. So now enough, my heart, beat now no more,
At least for this affright. What a cold sweat
Flow'd on my brows and over all my bosom!
Had I not reason! to behold my door
Beset with unthrifts, and myself abroad?
Why Jaques! was there nothing in the house
Worth a continual eye, a vigilant thought?
Whose head should never nod nor eyes once wink?
Look on my coat, my thoughts, worn quite threadbare,
That time could never cover with a nap,
And by it learn, never with naps of sleep
To smother your conceits of that you keep.
But yet I marvel why these gallant youths
Spoke me so fair, and I esteem'd a beggar!
The end of flattery is gain or lechery:
If they seek gain of me, they think me rich;
But that they do not: for their other object,
'Tis in my handsome daughter, if it be:
And, by your leave, her handsomeness may tell them
My beggary counterfeits, and that her neatness
Flows from some store of wealth, that breaks my coffers
With this same engine, love to mine own breed;
But this is answered: 'Beggars will keep fine
Their daughters, being fair, though themselves pine.'
Well, then, it is for her: ay, 'tis sure for her:

And I make her so brisk for some of them.
That I might live alone once with my gold!
O, 'tis a sweet companion, kind and true;
A man may trust it when his father cheats him,
Brother, or friend, or wife. O, wondrous pelf!
"That which makes all men false, is true itself."—
But now this maid is but suppos'd my daughter;
For I being steward to a lord of France,
Of great estate and wealth, called Lord Chamont,
He gone into the wars, I stole his treasure
(But hear not, anything), I stole his treasure,
And this his daughter, being two years old,
Because it lov'd me so, that it would leave
The nurse herself to come into mine arms;
And had I left it, it would sure have died.
Now herein I was kind and had a conscience:
And since her lady-mother, that did die
In child-bed of her, loved me passing well;
It may be nature fashion'd this affection
Both in the child and her: but he's ill-bred
That ransacks tombs and doth deface the dead.
I'll therefore say no more; suppose the rest.
Here have I chang'd my form, my name and hers,
And live obscurely, to enjoy more safe
My dearest treasure. But I must abroad.—
Rachel!

Enter Rachel.

Rach. What is your pleasure, sir?

Jaq. Rachel, I must abroad.
Lock thyself in, but yet take out the key,
That whosoever peeps in at the keyhole
May yet imagine there is none at home.

Rach. I will, sir.

Jaq. But hark thee, Rachel; say a thief should come
And miss the key, he would resolve indeed

None were at home, and so break in the rather:
Ope the door, Rachel; set it open, daughter;
But sit in it thyself, and talk aloud,
As if there were some more in th' house with thee:
Put out the fire, kill the chimney's heart,
That it may breathe no more than a dead man;
The more we spare, my child, the more we gain.
[*Exeunt.*

Scæne 2.

Enter Christophero, Juniper, *and* Onion.

Chris. What says my fellow Onion? come on.

Oni. All of a house, sir, but no fellows; you are my lord's steward: but, I pray you, what think you of love, sir?

Chris. Of love, Onion? why it is a very honourable humour.

Oni. Nay, if it be but worshipful, I care not.

Jun. Go to, it 's honourable; check not at the conceit of the gentleman.

Oni. But, in truth, sir, you shall do well to think well of love; for it thinks well of you, in me, I assure you.

Chris. Gramercy, fellow Onion; I do think well thou art in love; art thou?

Oni. Partly, sir; but I am ashamed to say wholly.

Chri. Well, I will further it in thee to any honest woman, or maiden, the best I can.

Jun. Why, now you come near him, sir; he doth vail, he doth remunerate, he doth chew the cud in the kindness of an honest imperfection to your worship.

Chris. But who is it thou lovest, fellow Onion?

Oni. Marry, a poor man's daughter; but none of the honestest, I hope.

Chris. Why, wouldst thou not have her honest?

Oni. O no, for then I am sure she would not have me. 'Tis Rachel de Prie.

Chris. Why, she hath the name of a very virtuous maiden.

Jun. So she is, sir; but the fellow talks in quiddits, he.

Chris. What wouldst thou have me do in the matter?

Oni. Do nothing, sir, I pray you, but speak for me.

Chris. In what manner?

Oni. My fellow Juniper can tell you, sir.

Jun. Why as thus, sir. Your worship may commend him for a fellow fit for consanguinity, and that he shaketh with desire, or so.

Chris. That were not so good, methinks.

Jun. No, sir! why so, sir? What if you should say to her, Corroborate thyself, sweet soul, divine Mumps, pretty Pastorella! lookest thou so sweet and bounteous? comfort my friend here.

Chris. Well, I perceive you wish I should say something may do him grace and further his desires; and that, be sure, I will.

Oni. I thank you, sir; God save your life, I pray God, sir.

Jun. Your worship is too good to live long: you'll contaminate me no service.

Chris. Command, thou wouldest say; no, good Juniper.

Jun. Health and wealth, sir.

[*Exeunt* Onion *and* Juniper.

Chris. This wench will I solicit for myself,
Making my lord and master privy to it;
And if he second me with his consent,
I will proceed, as having long ere this
Thought her a worthy choice to make my wife.

[*Exit.*

Scæne 3.

Enter Aurelia *and* Phœnixella.

Aur. Room for a case of matrons coloured black.
How motherly my mother's death hath made us!
I would I had some girls now to bring up.
O, I could make a wench so virtuous,
She should say grace to every bit of meat,
And gape no wider than a wafer's thickness;
And she should make French court'sies, so, most low,
That every touch should turn her over backward.
Phœn. Sister, these words become not your attire,
Nor your estate; our virtuous mother's death
Should print more deep effects of sorrow in us,
Than may be worn out in so little time.
Aur. Sister, i' faith you take too much tobacco;
It makes you black within as y'are without.
What, true-stitch, sister! both your sides alike!
Be of a slighter work; for of my word,
You shall be sold as dear, or rather dearer.
Will you be bound to customs and to rites?
Shed profitable tears, weep for advantage,
Or else do all things as you are inclin'd:
Eat when your stomach serves, saith the physician,
Not at eleven and six! So if your humour
Be now affected with this heaviness,
Give it the reins, and spare not, as I do
In this my pleasurable appetite.
It is precisianism to alter that
With austere judgment, that is given by nature.
I wept, you saw, too, when my mother died;
For then I found it easier to do so,
And fitter with my mood than not to weep:

But now 'tis otherwise; another time
Perhaps I shall have such deep thoughts of her,
That I shall weep afresh some twelvemonth hence;
And I will weep, if I be so dispos'd,
And put on black as grimly then as now.
Let the mind go still with the body's stature;
Judgment is fit for judges; give me nature.

Scæne 4.

Enter Aurelia, Phœnixella, Francisco Colonnia, *and* Angelo.

Fran. See, Signior Angelo, here are the ladies;
Go you and comfort one, I'll to the other.
Ang. Therefore I come, sir; I'll to the eldest.
God save you, ladies! these sad moods of yours,
That make you choose these solitary walks,
Are hurtful for your beauties.
Aur. If we had them.
Ang. Come, that condition might be for your hearts,
When you protest faith, since we cannot see them:
But this same heart of beauty, your sweet face,
Is in mine eye still.
Aur. O, you cut my heart
With your sharp eye.
Ang. Nay, lady, that's not so,
Your heart's too hard.
Aur. My beauty's heart?
Ang. O no.
I mean that regent of affection, madam.
That tramples on all love with such contempt
In this fair breast.
Aur. No more, your drift is savour'd;
I had rather seem hard-hearted—
Ang. Than hard-favour'd;
Is that your meaning, lady?

Aur. Go to, sir;
Your wits are fresh, I know, they need no spur.
Ang. And therefore you will ride them.
Aur. Say I do,
They will not tire, I hope.
Ang. No, not with you.
Hark you, sweet lady. [*Walks aside with* Aur.
Fran. 'Tis much pity, madam,
You should have any reason to retain
This sign of grief, much less the thing design'd.
Phœn. Griefs are more fit for ladies than their pleasures.
Fran. That is for such as follow nought but pleasures.
But you that temper them so well with virtues,
Using your griefs so it would prove them pleasures;
And you would seem, in cause of griefs and pleasures,
Equally pleasant.
Phœn. Sir, so I do now.
It is the excess of either that I strive
So much to shun, in all my prov'd endeavours,
Although, perhaps, unto a general eye
I may appear most wedded to my griefs;
Yet doth my mind forsake no taste of pleasure,
I mean that happy pleasure of the soul,
Divine and sacred contemplation
Of that eternal and most glorious bliss,
Proposéd as the crown unto our souls.
Fran. I will be silent; yet that I may serve
But as a decade in the art of memory,
To put you still in mind of your own virtues,
When your too serious thoughts make you too sad,
Accept me for your servant, honoured lady.
Phœn. Those ceremonies are too common, signior Francis,

For your uncommon gravity and judgment,
And fits them only that are nought but ceremony.
Ang. Come, I will not sue stalely to be your servant,
But, a new term, will you be my refuge?
[*Comes forward with* Aur.
Aur. Your refuge! why, sir?
Ang. That I might fly to you when all else fail me.
Aur. And you be good at flying, be my plover.
Ang. Nay, take away the P.
Aur. Tut, then you cannot fly.
Ang. I'll warrant you: I'll borrow Cupid's wings.
Aur. Mass, then I fear me you'll do strange things.
I pray you blame me not if I suspect you;
Your own confession simply doth detect you.
Nay, and you be so great in Cupid's books,
'Twill make me jealous. You can with your looks,
I warrant you, inflame a woman's heart,
And at your pleasure take Love's golden dart,
And wound the breast of any virtuous maid.
Would I were hence! good faith, I am afraid
You can constrain one, ere they be aware,
To run mad for your love.
Ang. O, this is rare!

Scæne 6 [5].

Aurelio, Phœnixella, Francisco, Angelo, *and* Count Ferneze.

Count F. Close with my daughters, gentlemen! well done.
'Tis like yourselves: nay, lusty Angelo,
Let not my presence make you baulk your sport;

I will not break a minute of discourse
'Twixt you and one of your fair mistresses.
Ang. One of my mistresses! why thinks your lordship I have so many?
Count F. Many! no, Angelo.
I do not think thou'st many; some fourteen
I hear thou hast, even of our worthiest dames
Of any note in Milan.
Ang. Nay, good my lord, fourteen! it is not so.
Count F. By the mass, that is't; here are their names to shew.
Fourteen or fifteen t'one. Good Angelo,
You need not be asham'd of any of them.
They are gallants all.
Ang. 'Sblood! you are such a lord. [*Exit.*
Count F. Nay, stay, sweet Angelo, I am disposed
A little to be pleasant past my custom—
He's gone, he's gone! I have disgrac'd him shrewdly—
Daughters, take heed of him, he's a wild youth;
Look what he says to you, believe him not;
He will swear love to every one he sees.
Francisco, give them counsel, good Francisco;
I dare trust thee with both, but him with neither.
Fran. Your lordship yet may trust both them with him.
Count F. Well, go your ways, away!—
[*Exeunt* Aur. Phœn. *and* Francisco.

Scæne 7 [6].

Count Ferneze *and* Christophero.

How now, Christophero! What news with you?
Chris. I have an humble suit to your good lordship.

Count F. A suit, Christophero! what suit, I prithee?

Chris. I would crave pardon at your lordship's hands,
If it seem vain or simple in your sight.

Count F. I'll pardon all simplicity, Christophero;
What is thy suit?

Chris. Perhaps, being now so old a bachelor,
I shall seem half unwise to bend myself
In strict affection to a poor young maid.

Count F. What, is it touching love, Christophero?
Art thou dispos'd to marry? why, 'tis well.

Chris. Ay, but your lordship may imagine now,
That I, being steward of your honour's house,
If I be married once, will more regard
The maintenance of my wife, and of my charge,
Than the due discharge of my place and office.

Count F. No, no, Christophero, I know thee honest.

Chris. Good faith, my lord, your honour may suspect it;
But—

Count F. Then I should wrong thee; thou hast ever been
Honest and true; and will be still I know.

Chris. Ay, but this marriage alters many men,
And you may fear it will do me, my lord;
But ere it do so I will undergo
Ten thousand several deaths.

Count F. I know it, man,
Who wouldst thou have, I prithee?

Chris. Rachel de Prie,
If your good lordship grant me your consent.

Count F. Rachel de Prie! what, the poor beggar's daughter?

She's a right handsome maid, how poor soever,
And thou hast my consent with all my heart.

Chris. I humbly thank your honour; I'll now ask
Her father. [*Exit.*

Count F. Do so, Christophero; thou shalt do well.
'Tis strange, she being so poor, he should affect her!
But this is more strange, that myself should love her.
I spied her lately at her father's door,
And if I did not see in her sweet face
Gentry and nobleness, ne'er trust me more;
But this persuasion fancy wrought in me,
That fancy being created with her looks;
For where love is, he thinks his basest object
Gentle and noble: I am far in love,
And shall be forc'd to wrong my honest steward,
For I must sue and seek her for myself,
How much my duty to my late dead wife,
And my own dear renown soe'er it sways:
I'll to her father straight; "love hates delays."
[*Exit.*

Scæne 8 [7].

Enter Onion, Juniper, Valentine, Sebastian, Balthasar, Martino.

Oni. Come on, i' faith, let's to some exercise or other, my hearts.—Fetch the hilts.
[*Exit* Martino.
—Fellow Juniper, wilt thou play?

Jun. I cannot resolve you; 'tis as I am fitted with the ingenuity, quantity, or quality of the cudgel.

Val. How dost thou bastinado the poor cudgel with terms!

Jun. O ingle, I have the phrases, man, and the anagrams, and the epitaphs fitting the mystery of the noble science.

Oni. I'll be hanged and he were not misbegotten of some fencer.

Seb. Sirrah Valentine, you can resolve me now, have they their masters of defence in other countries as we have here in Italy?

Val. O Lord, ay; especially they in Utopia: there they perform their prizes and challenges with as great ceremony as the Italian, or any nation else.

Bal. Indeed! how is the manner of it, for God's love, good Valentine?

Jun. Ingle, I prithee make recourse unto us; we are thy friends and familiars, sweet ingle.

Val. Why thus, sir—

Oni. God a mercy, good Valentine; nay, go on.

Jun. *Silentium*, *bonus socius Onionus*, good fellow Onion, be not so ingenious and turbulent. So, sir; and how? how, sweet ingle?

Val. Marry, first they are brought to the public theatre.

Jun. What, ha' they theatres there?

Val. Theatres! ay, and plays too, both tragedy and comedy, and set forth with as much state as can be imagined.

Jun. God's so, a man is nobody till he has travelled.

Seb. And how are their plays; as ours are, extemporal?

Val. O no; all premeditated things, and some of them very good, i' faith; my master used to visit them often when he was there.

Bal. Why, how, are they in a place where any man may see them?

Val. Ay, in the common theatres, I tell you. But the sport is at a new play, to observe the sway and variety of opinion that passeth it. A man shall have such a confused mixture of judgment poured out in the throng there, as ridiculous as laughter itself. One says he likes not the writing, another likes not the plot, another not the playing: and sometimes a fellow that comes not there past once in five years, at a parliament time, or so, will be as deep mired in censuring as the best, and swear by God's foot he would never stir his foot to see a hundred such as that is.

Oni. I must travel to see these things; I shall ne'er think well of myself else.

Jun. Fellow Onion, I'll bear thy charges, and thou wilt but pilgrimize it along with me to the land of Utopia.

Seb. Why, but methinks such rooks as these should be ashamed to judge.

Val. Not a whit; the rankest stinkard of them all will take upon him as peremptory as if he had writ himself *in artibus magister.*

Seb. And do they stand to a popular censure for anything they present?

Val. Ay, ever, ever; and the people generally are very acceptive and apt to applaud any meritable work; but there are two sorts of persons that most commonly are infectious to a whole auditory.

Bal. What be they?

Jun. Ay, come, let's know them.

Oni. It were good they were noted.

Val. Marry, one is the rude barbarous crew, a people that have no brains, and yet grounded judgments; these will hiss anything that mounts above their grounded capacities; but the other are worth the observation, i' faith.

Omnes. What be they, what be they?

Val. Faith, a few capricious gallants.

Jun. *Capricious!* stay, that word's for me.

Val. And they have taken such a habit of dislike in all things that they will approve nothing, be it never so conceited or elaborate; but sit dispersed, making faces and spitting, wagging their upright ears, and cry *filthy! filthy!* simply uttering their own condition, and using their wryed countenances instead of a vice, to turn the good aspects of all that shall sit near them from what they behold.

Re-enter Martino *with cudgels.*

Oni. O that's well said. Lay them down; come, sirs, who plays? fellow Juniper, Sebastian, Balthasar? somebody take them up, come.

Jun. Ingle Valentine.

Val. Not I, sir, I profess it not.

Jun. Sebastian.

Seb. Balthasar.

Bal. Who, I?

Oni. Come, but one bout; I'll give 'em thee, i' faith.

Bal. Why, here's Martino.

Oni. Foh, he! alas, he cannot play a whit, man.

Jun. That's all one; no more could you *in statu quo prius.*—Martino, play with him; every man has his beginning and conduction.

Mart. Will you not hurt me, fellow Onion?

Oni. Hurt thee! no; and I do, put me among pot-herbs and chop me to pieces. Come on.

Jun. By your favour, sweet bullies, give them room; back, so!—Martino, do not look so thin upon the matter.

[Martino *and* Onion *play a bout at cudgels.*

Oni. Ha! well played; fall over to my leg now; so, to your guard again; excellent! to my head now; make home your blow; spare not me, make it home, good, good again! [Mart. *breaks his head.*

Seb. Why, how now, Peter!

Val. God's so, Onion has caught a bruise.

Jun. Coragio! be not capricious! what!

Oni. Capricious! not I; I scorn to be capricious for a scratch. Martino must have another bout; come.

Val., Seb., Bal. No, no, play no more, play no more.

Oni. Foh, 'tis nothing, a fillip, a device; fellow Juniper, prithee get me a plantain; I had rather play with one that had skill by half.

Mart. By my troth, fellow Onion, 'twas against my will.

Oni. Nay, that's not so, 'twas against my head; but come, we'll ha' one bout more.

Jun. Not a bout, not a stroke.

Omnes. No more, no more. [*Exit* Martino.

Jun. Why, I'll give you demonstration how it came: thou open'dst the dagger to falsify over with the backsword trick, and he interrupted before he could fall to the close.

Oni. No, no, I know best how it was, better than any man here. I felt his play presently; for look you, I gathered upon him thus, thus, do you see, for the double lock, and took it single on the head.

Val. He says very true, he took it single on the head.

Seb. Come, let's go.

Re-enter Martino *with a cobweb.*

Mart. Here, fellow Onion, here's a cobweb.

Oni. How! a cobweb, Martino! I will have another bout with you. 'Swounds, do you first break my head, and then give me a plaister in scorn? Come, to it, I will have a bout.

Mart. God's my witness——

Oni. Tut! your witness cannot serve.

Jun. 'Sblood, why what! thou art not lunatic, art thou? an thou be'st, avoid, Mephostophiles! Say the sign should be in Aries now, as it may be for all us, where were your life? answer me that?

Seb. He says well, Onion.

Val. Ay indeed does he.

Jun. Come, come, you are a foolish naturalist; go, get a white of an egg and a little flax, and close the breach of the head; it is the most conducible thing that can be. Martino, do not insinuate upon your good fortune, but play an honest part, and bear away the bucklers. [*Exeunt.*

Act. 3.—Scæne 1.

Enter Angelo, *solus.*

Ang. My young and simple friend, Paulo Ferneze,
Bound me with mighty, solemn conjurations
To be true to him in his love to Rachel,
And to solicit his remembrance still
In his enforced absence. Much, i' faith!
True to my friend in cases of affection!
In women's cases! what a jest it is!
How silly he is that imagines it!
He is an ass that will keep promise strictly
In anything that checks his private pleasure,
Chiefly in love. 'Sblood, am not I a man,
Have I not eyes that are as free to look,
And blood to be inflam'd as well as his?
And when it is so, shall I not pursue
Mine own love's longings, but prefer my friend's?
Ay, 'tis a good fool, do so; hang me then.
Because I swore? alas, who does not know
That lovers' perjuries are ridiculous?
Have at thee, Rachel; I'll go court her, sure,
For now I know her father is abroad—
Sblood, see, he's here.

Enter Jaques.

O what damn'd luck is this!
This labour's lost, I must by no means see him.
Tau, dery, dery. [*Exit singing.*

Scæne 2.

Jaq. Mischief and hell! what is this man? a spirit?
Haunts he, my house's ghost, still at my door?—

He has been at my door, he has been in,
In my dear door; pray God my gold be safe!

Enter Christophero.

God's pity, here's another!—Rachel! ho, Rachel!
Chris. God save you, honest father.
Jaq. Rachel! God's light, come to me; Rachel! Rachel! [*Exit.*
Chris. Now in God's name what ails he? this is strange!
He loves his daughter so, I'll lay my life,
That he's afraid, having been now abroad,
I come to seek her love unlawfully.

Re-enter Jaques.

Jaq. 'Tis safe, 'tis safe, they have not robb'd my treasure.
Chris. Let it not seem offensive to you, sir.
Jaq. *Sir!* God's my life, *sir! sir!* call me *sir!*
Chris. Good father, hear me.
Jaq. You are most welcome, sir;
I meant almost: and would your worship speak,
Would you abase yourself to speak to me?
Chris. 'Tis no abasing, father; my intent
Is to do further honour to you, sir,
Than only speak; which is, to be your son.
Jaq. My gold is in his nostrils, he has smelt it!
Break breast, break heart, fall on the earth, my entrails,
With this same bursting admiration!
He knows my gold, he knows of all my treasure—
How do you know, sir? whereby do you guess?
Chris. At what, sir? what is it you mean?
Jaq. I ask,
An't please your gentle worship, how you know—
I mean, how I should make your worship know

That I have nothing—
To give with my poor daughter? I have nothing:
The very air, bounteous to every man,
Is scant to me, sir.

Chris. I do think, good father,
You are but poor.

Jaq. He thinks so; hark! but thinks so:
He thinks not so, he knows of all my treasure. [*Exit.*

Chris. Poor man, he is so overjoy'd to hear
His daughter may be past his hopes bestow'd,
That betwixt fear and hope, if I mean simply,
He is thus passionate.

Re-enter Jaques.

Jaq. Yet all is safe within: is none without?
Nobody breaks my wall?

Chris. What say you, father, shall I have your daughter?

Jaq. I have no dowry to bestow upon her.

Chris. I do expect none, father.

Jaq. That is well.
Then I beseech your worship make no question
Of that you wish; 'tis too much favour to me.

Chris. I'll leave him now to give his passions breath,
Which being settled, I will fetch his daughter;
I shall but move too much, to speak now to him.
[*Exit.*

Jaq. So! he is gone; would all were dead and gone,
That I might live with my dear gold alone!

Scæne 3.

Jaques *and* Count.

Count F. Here is the poor old man.

Jaq. Out o' my soul, another! comes he hither?

Count F. Be not dismay'd, old man, I come to cheer you.

Jaq. To *me*, by heaven!
Turn ribs to brass, turn voice into a trumpet,
To rattle out the battles of my thoughts;
One comes to hold me talk, while t'other robs me.
[*Exit.*

Count F. He has forgot me, sure; what should this mean?
He fears authority and my want of wife
Will take his daughter from him to defame her:
He that hath nought on earth but one poor daughter,
May take this ecstasy of care to keep her.

Re-enter Jaques.

Jaq. And yet 'tis safe: they mean not to use force,
But fawning cunning. I shall easily know
By his next question, if he think me rich. [*Aside.*
Whom see I? my good lord?

Count. F. Stand up, good father!
I call thee not [good] father for thy age,
But that I gladly wish to be thy son,
In honoured marriage with thy beauteous daughter.

Jaq. O, so, so, so, so, so! this is for gold.
Now it is sure this is my daughter's neatness
Makes them believe me rich.—No, my good lord.
I'll tell you all, how my poor hapless daughter
Got that attire she wears from top to toe.

Count. F. Why, father, this is nothing.

Jaq. O yes, good my lord.

Count. F. Indeed it is not.

Jaq. Nay, sweet lord, pardon me; do not dissemble;
Hear your poor beadsman speak: 'tis requisite
That I, so huge a beggar, make account

Of things that pass my calling. She was born
To enjoy nothing underneath the sun;
But that, if she had more than other beggars,
She should be envied. I will tell you then
How she had all she wears. Her warm shoes, God wot,
A kind maid gave her, seeing her go barefoot
In a cold frosty morning; God requite her!
Her homely stockings—

Count. F. Father, I'll hear no more, thou movest too much
With thy too curious answer for thy daughter,
That doth deserve a thousand times as much.
I'll be thy son-in-law, and she shall wear
The attire of countesses.

Jaq. O, good my lord,
Mock not the poor; remembers not your lordship
That poverty is the precious gift of God,
As well as riches? tread upon me rather [*Kneels.*
Than mock my poorness.

Count. F. Rise, I say:
When I mock poorness, then heavens make me poor. [*Exit* Jaques.

Scæne 4.

Nuntius *and* Count.

Nun. See, here's the Count Ferneze; I will tell him
The hapless accident of his brave son,
That he may seek the sooner to redeem him.—
God save your lordship!

Count F. You are right welcome, sir.

Nun. I would I brought such news as might deserve it.

Count. F. What! bring you me ill news?

Nun. 'Tis ill, my lord;
Yet such as usual chance of war affords,
And for which all men are prepar'd that use it,
And those that use it not but in their friends,
Or in their children.
Count. F. Ill news of my son,
My dear and only son, I'll lay my soul!
Ay me accurs'd! thought of his death doth wound me.
And the report of it will kill me quite.
Nun. 'Tis not so ill, my lord.
Count. F. How then?
Nun. He's taken prisoner,
And that is all.
Count F. That is enough, enough;
I set my thoughts on love, on servile love,
Forget my virtuous wife, feel not the dangers,
The bands and wounds of mine own flesh and blood,
And therein am a madman; therein plagu'd
With the most just affliction under heaven.
Is Maximilian taken prisoner too?
Nun. No, good my lord; he is return'd with prisoners.
Count F. Is't possible! can Maximilian
Return and view my face without my son,
For whom he swore such care as for himself?
Nun. My lord, no care can change the events of war.
Count F. O, in what tempests do my fortunes sail!
Still wrack'd with winds more foul and contrary
Than any northern gust, or southern flaw,
That ever yet enforc'd the sea to gape,
And swallow the poor merchant's traffic up.
First in Vicenza lost I my first son,

Next here in Milan my most dear-lov'd lady,
And now my Paulo prisoner to the French;
Which last being printed with my other griefs,
Doth make so huge a volume, that my breast
Cannot contain them. But this is my love!
I must make love to Rachel! Heaven hath thrown
This vengeance on me most deservedly,
Were it for naught but wronging of my steward.

Nun. My lord, since only money may redress
The worst of this misfortune, be not griev'd;
Prepare his ransom, and your noble son
Shall greet your cheered eyes with the more honour.

Count F. I will prepare his ransom; gracious heaven
Grant his imprisonment may be his worst,
Honoured and soldier-like imprisonment,
And that he be not manacled and made
A drudge to his proud foe! And here I vow,
Never to dream of seemless amorous toys,
Nor aim at any other joy on earth
But the fruition of my only son. [*Exeunt.*

Scæne 5.

Enter Jaques *with his gold, and a scuttle full of rubbish.*

Jaq. He's gone: I knew it; this is our hot lover.
I will believe them, I! They may come in
Like simple wooers, and be arrant thieves,
And I not know them! 'Tis not to be told
What servile villanies men will do for gold.—
O it began to have a huge strong smell,
With lying so long together in a place;
I'll give it vent, it shall have shift enough;
And if the devil, that envies all goodness,
Have told them of my gold, and where I kept it.

I'll set his burning nose once more a work,
To smell where I remov'd it. Here it is;
I'll hide and cover it with this mere trash.
[*Digs a hole in the ground.*
Who will suppose that such a precious nest
Is crown'd with such a villain heap of earth?
In, my dear life! sleep sweetly, my dear child!
"Scarce lawfully begotten, but yet gotten,
And that's enough." Rot all hands that come near thee,
Except mine own! burn out all eyes that see thee,
Except mine own! all thoughts of thee be poison
To their enamour'd hearts, except mine own!
I'll take no leave, sweet prince, great emperor,
But see thee every minute: king of kings,
I'll not be rude to thee and turn my back
In going from thee, but go backward out,
With my face toward thee, with humble courtesies.
None is within, none overlooks my wall;
To have gold, and to have it safe, is all. [*Exit.*

Actus 3 [4].—Scæne 1.[1]

Enter Maximilian *with Soldiers*, Chamont, Camillo, *and* Pacue.

Max. Lord Chamont, and your valiant friend there, I cannot say welcome to Milan; your thoughts and that word are not musical; but I can say, you are come to Milan.

Pac. Mort dieu!

Cha. Garçon!

Max. Gentlemen (I would call an emperor so), you are now my prisoners; I am sorry: marry, this, spit in the face of your fortunes, for your usage shall be honourable.

Cam. We know it, Signior Maximilian;
The fame of all your actions sounds naught else
But perfect honour from her swelling cheeks.

Max. It shall do so still, I assure you, and I will give you reason: there is in this last action, you know, a noble gentleman of our party, and a right valiant, semblably prisoner to your general, as your honoured self is to me; for whose safety this tongue hath given warrant to his honourable father, the Count Ferneze. You conceive me?

Cam. Ay, signior.

Max. Well then, I must tell you your ransoms be to redeem him. What think you? your answer.

Cam. Marry, with my lord's leave here, I say, signior:
This free and ample offer you have made
Agrees well with your honour, but not ours;
For I think not but Chamont is as well born

[1] So in original edition of 1609, which from this point onwards has no further indication of act or scene.

As is Ferneze; then, if I mistake not,
He scorns to have his worth so underprised,
That it should need an adjunct in exchange
Of any equal fortune. Noble signior,
I am a soldier, and I love Chamont;
Ere I would bruise his estimation
With the least ruin of mine own respect
In this vild kind, these legs should rot with irons,
This body pine in prison, till the flesh
Dropt from my bones in flakes, like wither'd leaves
In heart of autumn from a stubborn oak.

Max. Monsieur Gasper (I take it so is your name), misprise me not; I will trample on the heart, on the soul of him that shall say I will wrong you: what I purpose you cannot now know; but you shall know, and, doubt not, to your contentment.—Lord Chamont, I will leave you whilst I go in and present myself to the honourable count; till my regression, so please you, your noble feet may measure this private, pleasant, and most princely walk.—Soldiers, regard them and respect them. [*Exit.*

Pac. O ver bon! excellenta gull, he taka my Lord Chamont for Monsieur Gaspra and Monsieur Gaspra for my Lord Chamont. O dis be brave for make a me laugha, ha, ha, ha! O, my heart tickla. [*Aside.*

Cam. Ay, but your lordship knows not what hard fate
Might have pursued us; therefor, howsoe'er,
The changing of our names was necessary,
And we must now be careful to maintain
This error strongly, which our own device
Hath thrust into their ignorant conceits;
For should we (on the taste of this good fortune)

Appear ourselves, 'twould both create in them
A kind of jealousy, and perchance invert
Those honourable courses they intend.
Cha. True, my dear Gasper; but this hang-by here
Will at one time or other, on my soul,
Discover us. A secret in his mouth
Is like a wild bird put into a cage,
Whose door no sooner opens but 'tis out.—
But, sirrah, if I may but know thou utter'st it—
Pac. Uttera vat, monsieur?
Cha. That he is Gasper and I true Chamont.
Pac. O pardonnez moy, fore my tongue shall put out de secreta, shall breed de cankra in my mouth.
Cam. Speak not so loud, Pacue.
Pac. Foh! you shall not hear, fool, for all your long ear. Regardez, monsieur: you be Chamont, Chamont be Gaspra.

Re-enter Maximilian *with* Count Ferneze, Francisco, Aurelia, Phœnixella, *and* Finio.

Cha. Peace, here comes Maximilian.
Cam. O, belike
That is the Count Ferneze, that old man.
Cha. Are those his daughters, trow?
Cam. Ay, sure, I think they are.
Cha. Fore God, the taller is a gallant lady.
Cam. So are they both, believe me.
Max. True, my honourable lord, that Chamont was the father of this man.
Count F. O that may be, for when I lost my son,
This was but young, it seems.
Fran. Faith, had Camillo lived,
He had been much about his years, my lord.

Count F. He had indeed! Well, speak no more of him.

Max. Signior, perceive you the error? 'twas no good office in us to stretch the remembrance of so dear a loss. Count Ferneze, let summer sit in your eye: look cheerfully, sweet count; will you do me the honour to confine this noble spirit within the circle of your arms?

Count F. Honoured Chamont, reach me your valiant hand;
I could have wished some happier accident
Had made the way unto this mutual knowledge,
Which either of us now must take of other;
But sure it is the pleasure of our fates,
That we should thus be rack'd on fortune's wheel;
Let us prepare with steeled patience
To tread on torment, and with minds confirm'd,
Welcome the worst of envy.

Max. Noble lord, 'tis thus. I have here, in mine honour, set this gentleman free without ransom: he is now himself; his valor hath deserved it, in the eye of my judgment.—Monsieur Gasper, you are dear to me: *fortuna non mutat genus.* But to the main;—if it may square with your lordship's liking and his love, I could desire that he were now instantly employed to your noble general in the exchange of Ferneze for yourself; it is the business that requires the tender hand of a friend.

Count F. Ay, and it would be with more speed effected,
If he would undertake it.

Max. True, my lord.—Monsieur Gasper, how stand you affected to this motion?

Cha. My duty must attend his lordship's will.

Max. What says the Lord Chamont?

Cam. My will doth then approve what these have urged.

Max. Why, there is good harmony, good music in this. Monsieur Gasper, you shall protract no time, only I will give you a bowl of rich wine to the health of your general, another to the success of your journey, and a third to the love of my sword. Pass. [*Exeunt all but* Aur. *and* Phœnix.

Aur. Why, how now, sister! in a motley muse?
Go to, there's somewhat in the wind, I see.
Faith, this brown study suits not with your black;
Your habit and your thoughts are of two colours.

Phœn. Good faith, methinks that this young Lord Chamont.
Favors my mother, sister; does he not?

Aur. A motherly conceit; O blind excuse,
Blinder than Love himself! Well, sister, well;
Cupid hath ta'en his stand in both your eyes,
The case is altered.

Phœn. And what of that?

Aur. Nay, nothing:—But a saint!
Another Bridget! one that for a face
Would put down Vesta, in whose looks doth swim
The very sweetest cream of modesty,
You to turn tippet! fie, fie! Will you give
A packing penny to virginity?
I thought you'd dwell so long in Cyprus isle,
You'd worship Madam Venus at the length.
But come, the strongest fall, and why not you?
Nay, do not frown.

Phœn. Go, go, you fool. Adieu! [*Exit.*

Aur. Well, I may jest or so; but Cupid knows
My taking is as bad or worse than hers.
O, Monsieur Gasper, if thou be'st a man,
Be not afraid to court me; do but speak,
Challenge thy right, and wear it; for I swear
Till thou arriv'dst, ne'er came affection here. [*Exit.*

[Scene 2.]

Enter Pacue *and* Finio.

Fin. Come on, my sweet finical Pacue, the very prime of pages, here's an excellent place for us to practice in; nobody sees us here; come, let's to it.

Enter Onion.

Pac. Contenta; Regardez vous le premier.

Oni. Sirrah Finio.

Pac. Mort dieu, le pesant!

Oni. Didst thou see Valentine?

Fin. Valentine! no.

Oni. No!

Fin. No. Sirrah Onion, whither goest!

Oni. O, I am vext; he that would trust any of these lying travellers.—

Fin. I prithee stay, good Onion.

Pac. Monsieur Onion, venez ça, come hidera, je vous prie. By gar, me ha see two, tree, four hundra tousand of your cousan hang. Lend me your hand, shall pray for know you bettra.

Oni. I thank you, good Signior Parlez-vous. O that I were in another world, in the Ingies, or somewhere that I might have room to laugh!

Pac. Ah, oui, fort bien! stand! you be dere—now me come;
Bon jour, monsieur.

Fin. Good morrow, good signior.

Pac. By gar, be much glad for see you.

Fin. I return you most kind thanks, sir.

Oni. How, how! 'sblood, this is rare.

Pac. Nay, shall make you say rare, by and by; regardez the shoulder, Monsieur Finio.

Fin. Signior Pacue.

Pac. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Fin. God save you, sweet signior.

Pac. Monsieur Onion, is not fort bien?

Oni. Bean, quoth he! would I were in debt of a pottle of beans, I could do as much!

Fin. Welcome, signior:—what's next?

Pac. O here; voyez, de grand admiration, as should meet perchance Monsieur Finio.

Fin. Monsieur Pacue.

Pac. By gar, who think we shall meete here?

Fin. By this hand, I am not a little proud of it, sir.

Oni. This trick is only for the chamber, it cannot be cleanly done abroad.

Pac. Well, wat say you for dis, den, monsieur?

Fin. Nay, pray, sir.

Pac. Par ma foy, vous [voilà] bien encontré!

Fin. What do you mean, sir? let your glove alone.

Pac. Comment se porte la santé?

Fin. Faith, exceeding well, sir.

Pac. Trot, be mush joy for hear.

Fin. And how is't with you, sweet Signior Pacue?

Pac. Fait, comme vous voyez.

Oni. Young gentlemen, spirits of blood, if ever you'll taste of a sweet piece of mutton, do Onion a good turn now.

Pac. Que, que? parlez, monsieur, vat is't?

Oni. Faith, teach me one of these tricks.

Pac. O me shall do presently; stand you dere, you signior dere, myself is here; so, fort bien? Now I parle to Monsieur Onion, Onion pratla to you, you speaka to me, so: and as you parlez, change the bonet.—Monsieur Onion!

Oni. Monsieur Finio!

Fin. Monsieur Pacue!

Pac. Pray be covera.

Oni. Nay I beseech you, sir.
Fin. What do you mean?
Pac. Pardonne moi, shall be so.
Oni. O God, sir!
Fin. Not I, in good faith, sir.
Pac. By gar, you must.
Oni. It shall be yours.
Fin. Nay, then you wrong me.
Oni. Well, and ever I come to be great——
Pac. You be big enough for de Onion already.
Oni. I mean a great man.
Fin. Then thou'dst be a monster.
Oni. Well, God knows not what fortune may do, command me, use me from the soul to the crown, and the crown to the soul; meaning not only from the crown of the head, and the sole of the foot, but also the foot of the mind and the crowns of the purse. I cannot stay now, young gentlemen; but—— *time was, time is, and time shall be.* [*Exeunt.*

[Scene 3.]

Enter Chamont *and* Camillo.

Cha. Sweet Gasper, I am sorry we must part,
But strong necessity enforceth it.
Let not the time seem long unto my friend
Till my return; for, by our love I swear,
(The sacred sphere wherein our souls are knit),
I will endeavor to effect this business
With all industrious care and happy speed.
Cam. My lord, these circumstances would come well
To one less capable of your desert
Than I; in whom your merit is confirmed
With such authentical and grounded proofs.
Cha. Well, I will use no more. Gasper, adieu.

Cam. Farewell, my honoured lord.
Cha. Commend me to the lady, my good Gasper.
Cam. I had remember'd that, had not you urg'd it.
Cha. Once more adieu, sweet Gasper.
Cam. My good lord. [*Exit.*
Cha. Thy virtues are more precious than thy name;
Kind gentleman, I would not sell thy love
For all the earthly objects that mine eyes
Have ever tasted. Sure thou art nobly born,
However fortune hath obscur'd thy birth;
For native honour sparkles in thine eyes.
How may I bless the time wherein Chamont,
My honoured father, did surprise Vicenza,
Where this my friend (known by no name) was found,
Being then a child, and scarce of power to speak,
To whom my father gave this name of Gasper,
And as his own respected him to death;
Since when we two have shar'd our mutual fortunes
With equal spirits, and, but death's rude hand,
No violence shall dissolve this sacred band. [*Exit.*

[Scene 4.]

Enter Juniper *in his shop, singing. To him* Onion.

Oni. Fellow Juniper, no more of thy songs and sonnets; sweet Juniper, no more of thy hymns and madrigals; thou sing'st, but I sigh.

Jun. What's the matter, Peter, ha? what, in an academy still! still in sable and costly black array, ha?

Oni. Prithee rise, mount; mount, sweet Juniper; for I go down the wind, and yet I puff, for I am vext.

Jun. Ha, bully, vext! what, intoxicate! is thy brain in a quintessence, an idea, a metamorphosis,

an apology, ha, rogue? Come, this love feeds upon thee, I see by thy cheeks, and drinks healths of vermilion tears, I see by thine eyes.

Oni. I confess Cupid's carouse, he plays super negulum with my liquor of life.

Jun. Tut, thou art a goose to be Cupid's gull; go to; no more of these contemplations and calculations; mourn not, for Rachel's thine own.

Oni. For that let the higher powers work; but, sweet Juniper, I am not sad for her, and yet for her in a second person, or if not so, yet in a third.

Jun. How, second person! away, away. In the crotchets already! longitude and latitude! what second, what person, ha?

Oni. Juniper, I'll bewray myself before thee, for thy company is sweet unto me; but I must intreat thy helping hand in the case.

Jun. Tut, no more of this surquedry; I am thine own ad unguem, upsie freeze, pell mell; come, what case, what case?

Oni. For the case, it may be any man's case as well as mine. Rachel I mean; but I'll meddle with her anon: in the meantime, Valentine is the man hath wronged me.

Jun. How, my ingle wrong thee! is't possible?

Oni. Your ingle! hang him, infidel. Well, and if I be not revenged on him, let Peter Onion (by the infernal gods) be turned to a leek, or a scallion. I spake to him for a ditty for this handkercher.

Jun. Why, has he not done it?

Oni. Done it? not a verse, by this hand.

Jun. O in diebus illis! O preposterous! well, come, be blithe; the best inditer of them all is sometimes dull. Fellow Onion, pardon mine ingle; he is a man has imperfections and declina-

tions, as other men have; his muse sometimes cannot curvet, nor prognosticate, and come off as it should; no matter, I'll hammer out a paraphrase for thee myself.

Oni. No, sweet Juniper, no; danger doth breed delay: love makes me choleric; I can bear no longer.

Jun. Not bear what, my mad meridian slave? not bear what?

Oni. Cupid's burthen; 'tis too heavy, too tolerable; and as for the handkercher and the posie, I will not trouble thee; but if thou wilt go with me into her father's backside, old Jaques' backside, and speak for me to Rachel, I will not be ingratitude: the old man is abroad and all.

Jun. Art thou sure on't?

Oni. As sure as an obligation.

Jun. Let's away then; come, we spend time in a vain circumference; trade, I cashier thee till to-morrow: fellow Onion, for thy sake I finish this workaday.

Oni. God-a-mercy; and for thy sake I'll at any time make a holiday. [*Exeunt.*

[Scene 5.]

Enter Angelo *and* Rachel.

Ang. Nay, I prithee, Rachel; I come to comfort thee,
Be not so sad.

Rach. O Signior Angelo,
No comfort but his presence can remove
This sadness from my heart.

Ang. Nay, then you are fond,
And want that strength of judgment and election
That should be attendant on your years and form.
Will you, because your lord is taken prisoner,

Blubber and weep, and keep a peevish stir,
As though you would turn turtle with the news.
Come, come, be wise. 'Sblood, say your lord should die,
And you go mar your face as you begin,
What would you do, trow? who would care for you?
But thus it is, when nature will bestow
Her gifts on such as know not how to use them;
You shall have some, that had they but one quarter
Of your fair beauty, they would make it shew
A little otherwise than you do this,
Or they would see the painter twice an hour;
And I commend them, I, that can use art
With such judicial practice.

Rach. You talk idly;
If this be your best comfort, keep it still,
My senses cannot feed on such sour cates.

Ang. And why, sweetheart?

Rach. Nay, leave, good signior.

Ang. Come, I have sweeter viands yet in store.

Jun. [*within.*] Ay, in any case. — Mistress Rachel!

Ang. Rachel!

Rach. God's pity, Signior Angelo, I hear my father; away, for God's sake.

Ang. 'Sblood, I am bewitched, I think; this is twice now I have been served thus. [*Exit.*

Rach. Pray God he meet him not. [*Exit.*

Enter Onion *and* Juniper.

Oni. O brave! she's yonder: O terrible! she's gone.

Jun. Yea, so nimble in your dilemmas and your hyperboles! *Hey my love! O my love!* at the first sight, by the mass.

Oni. O how she scudded! O sweet scud, how she tripped! O delicate trip and go!

Jun. Come, thou art enamored with the influence of her profundity; but, sirrah, hark a little.

Oni. O rare! what, what? passing, i' faith; what is't, what is't?

Jun. What wilt thou say now, if Rachel stand now, and play hity-tity through the keyhole, to behold the equipage of thy person?

Oni. O sweet equipage! try, good Juniper, tickle her, talk, talk; O rare!

Jun. Mistress Rachel!—watch then if her father come—[*goes to the door.*]—Rachel! Madonna! Rachel! No?

Oni. Say I am here; Onion, or Peter, or so.

Jun. No, I'll knock; we'll not stand upon horizons and tricks, but fall roundly to the matter.

Oni. Well said, sweet Juniper. Horizons, hang 'em! knock, knock. [Juniper *knocks.*

Rach. [*within.*] Who's there? father?

Jun. Father! no; and yet a father, if you please to be a mother.

Oni. Well said, Juniper; to her again; a smack or two more of the mother.

Jun. Do you hear, sweet soul, sweet Radamant, sweet Machavel? one word, Melpomene; are you at leisure?

Rach. [*within.*] At leisure! what to do?

Jun. To do what! to do nothing, but to be liable to the ecstacy of true love's exigent or so; you smell my meaning.

Oni. Smell! filthy, fellow Juniper, filthy! smell! O most odious!

Jun. How, filthy?

Oni. Filthy, by this finger! Smell! smell a rat, smell a pudding. Away, these tricks are for

trulls; a plain wench loves plain dealing; I'll upon [her] myself. *Smell!*—to a marchpane wench?

Jun. With all my heart; I'll be legimate and silent as an apple-squire; I'll see nothing and say nothing.

Oni. Sweetheart! sweetheart!

Jun. And bag pudding, ha, ha, ha!

Jaq. [*within.*] What, Rachel, my girl! what, Rachel!

Oni. God's lid.

Jaq. [*within.*] What, Rachel!

Rach. [*within.*] Here I am.

Oni. What rakehell calls Rachel? O treason to my love!

Jun. It is her father, on my life; how shall we intrench and edify ourselves from him?

Oni. O coney-catching Cupid!

[*Gets up into a tree.*

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. How, in my backside! where? what come they for?
Where are they? Rachel! thieves! thieves!
Stay, villain, slave! [*Siezes* Jun. *as he is running out.*] Rachel, untie my dog.
Nay, thief, thou canst not 'scape.

Jun. I pray you, sir.

Oni. [*above.*] Ah, pitiful Onion, that thou hadst a rope!

Jaq. Why, Rachel, when, I say! let loose my dog;
Garlick, my mastiff, let him loose, I say.

Jun. For God's sake, hear me speak, keep up your cur.

Oni. [*above.*] I fear not Garlick; he'll not bite Onion, his kinsman; pray God he come out, and then they'll not smell me.

Jaq. Well then, deliver; come, deliver, slave.

Jun. What should I deliver?

Jaq. O thou wouldst have me tell thee, wouldst thou? Show me thy hands, what hast thou in thy hands?

Jun. Here be my hands.

Jaq. Stay, are thy fingers' ends begrimed with dirt? no, thou hast wiped them.

Jun. Wiped them!

Jaq. Ay, thou villain; thou art a subtle knave. Put off thy shoes; come, I will see them; give me a knife here, Rachel; I'll rip the soles.

Oni. [*above.*] No matter, he's a cobbler, he can mend them.

Jun. What, are you mad, are you detestable? would you make an anatomy of me? think you I am not true orthography?

Jaq. Orthography! anatomy?

Jun. For God's sake be not so inviolable; I am no ambuscado. What predicament call you this? why do you intimate so much?

Jaq. I can feel nothing.

Oni. [*above.*] By'r lady, but Onion feels something.

Jaq. Soft, sir, you are not yet gone; shake your legs, come; and your arms, be brief:—stay, let me see these drums, these kilderkins, these bombard slops; what is it crams them so?

Jun. Nothing but hair.

Jaq. That's true, I had almost forgot this rug, this hedgehog's nest, this haymow, this bear's skin, this heath, this furze-bush. [*Pulls him by the hair.*

Jun. O, let me go! you tear my hair, you revolve my brains and understanding.

Jaq. Heart, thou art somewhat eas'd; half of my fear

Hath ta'en his leave of me, the other half
Still keeps possession in despite of hope,
Until these amorous eyes court my fair gold.
Dear, I come to thee. [*Aside.*]—Fiend, why art not gone?
Avoid, my soul's vexation! Satan, hence!
Why dost thou stare on me? why dost thou stay?
Why por'st thou on the ground with thievish eyes?
What seest thou there, thou cur, what gap'st thou at?
Hence from my house.—Rachel, send Garlick forth.

Jun. I am gone, sir, I am gone; for God's sake, stay. [*Exit.*

Jaq. Pack; and thank God thou scap'st so well away.

Oni. [*above.*] If I scape this tree, destinies I defy you.

Jac. I cannot see, by any characters
Writ on this earth, that any felon foot
Hath ta'en acquaintance of this hallow'd ground.
None sees me: knees, do homage to your lord.
[*Kneels down and removes the rubbish from his treasure.*
Tis safe! 'tis safe! it lies and sleeps so soundly,
Twould do one good to look on't. If this bliss
Be given to any man that hath much gold,
Justly to say '*tis safe*, I say 'tis safe.
O! what a heavenly round these two words dance
Within me and without me! first I think them;
And then I speak them; then I watch their sound,
And drink it greedily with both mine ears:
Then think, then speak, then drink their sound again,
And racket round about this body's court
These two sweet words, '*tis safe*. Stay, I will feed
My other senses. [*Takes up some of the gold and smells of it.*] O how sweet it smells!

Oni. [*above.*] I mar'le he smells not Onion, being so near it.

Jaq. Down to thy grave again, thou beauteous ghost!
Angels, men say, are spirits; spirits be
Invisible; bright angels, are you so?—
Be you invisible to every eye,
Save only these: sleep, I'll not break your rest,
Though you break mine. Dear saints, adieu, adieu!
My feet part from you, but my soul dwells with you.
[*Rises and exit.*

Oni. Is he gone? O Fortune my friend, and not *Fortune my foe*,
I come down to embrace thee, and kiss thy great toe.
[*Comes down from the tree.*

Re-enter Juniper.

Jun. Fellow Onion! Peter!

Oni. Fellow Juniper.

[*Jun.*] What's the old Panurgo gone, departed, cosmografied, ha?

Oni. O ay! and hark, sirrah.—Shall I tell him? no.

Jun. Nay, be brief, and declare; stand not upon conundrums now; thou knowest what contagious speeches I have suffered for thy sake: and he should come again and invent me here——

Oni. He says true, it was for my sake: I will tell him.—Sirrah Juniper!—and yet I will not.

Jun. What sayst thou, sweet Onion?

Oni. And thou hadst smelt the scent of me when I was in the tree, thou wouldst not have said so; but, sirrah, THE CASE IS ALTERED with me, my heart has given love a box of the ear; made him kick up the heels, I'faith.

Jun. Say'st thou me so, mad Greek! how haps it, how chances it?

Oni. I cannot hold it.—Juniper, have an eye, look; have an eye to the door; the old proverb's true, I see, Gold is but muck. Nay, God's so, Juniper, to the door; an eye to the main chance. [*Removes the rubbish and shews him the gold.*] Here, you slave, have an eye!

Jun. O inexorable! O infallible! O infricate, divine, and superficial fortune!

Oni. Nay, it will be sufficient anon; here, look here.

Jun. O insolent good luck! how didst thou produce the intelligence of the gold minerals?

Oni. I'll tell you that anon; here, make shift, convey, cram. I'll teach you how you shall call for Garlick again, i'faith.

Jun. 'Sblood, what shall we do with all this? we shall ne'er bring it to a consumption.

Oni. Consumption! why, we'll be most sumptuously attired, man.

Jun. By this gold I will have three or four most stigmatical suits presently.

Oni. I'll go in my foot-cloth, I'll turn gentleman.

Jun. So will I.

Oni. But what badge shall we give, what cullison?

Jun. As for that, let's use the infidelity and commiseration of some harrot of arms; he shall give us a gudgeon.

Oni. A gudgeon! a scutcheon, thou wouldst say, man.

Jun. A scutcheon, or a gudgeon, all is one.

Oni. Well, our arms be good enough; let's look to our legs.

Jun. Content; we'll be jogging.

Oni. Rachel, we retire; Garlick, God b'ye.

Jun. Farewell, sweet Jaques!

Oni. Farewell, sweet Rachel! sweet dog, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*

[Scene 6.]

Enter Maximilian, Count Ferneze, Aurelia, Phœnixella, *and* Pacue.

Max. Nay, but—sweet count.

Count F. Away! I'll hear no more;
Never was man so palpably abus'd:—
My son so basely marted, and myself
Am made the subject of your mirth and scorn.

Max. Count Ferneze, you tread too hard upon my patience;
Do not persist, I advise your lordship.

Count F. I will persist, and unto thee I speak;
Thou, *Maximilian*, thou hast injur'd me.

Max. Before the Lord——

Aur. Sweet signior.

Phœn. O my father.

Max. Lady, let your father thank your beauty.

Pac. By gar, me shall be hang for tella dis same; me tella mademoiselle, she tell her fadera.

Count F. The true Chamont set free, and one left here
Of no descent, clad barely in his name!
Sirrah boy, come hither, and be sure you speak
The simple truth.

Pac. O pardonnez moi, monsieur.

Count F. Come, leave your pardons, and directly say,
What villain is the same that hath usurp'd
The honour'd name and person of Chamont.

Pac. O, monsieur, no point villain, brave chevalier, Monsieur Gasper.

Count F. Monsieur Gasper!
On what occasion did they change their names,
What was their policy or their pretext?

Pac. Me canno tell, par ma foi, monsieur.

Max. My honourable lord!

Count F. Tut, tut, be silent.

Max. Silent, Count Ferneze! I tell thee, if Amurath, the great Turk were here, I would speak, and he should hear me.

Count F. So will not I.

Max. By my father's hand, but thou shalt, Count. I say till this instant I was never touched in my reputation. Hear me, you shall know that you have wronged me, and I will make you acknowledge it; if I cannot, my sword shall.

Count F. By heaven I will not; I will stop mine ears;
My senses loathe the savour of thy breath;
'Tis poison to me; I say I will not hear.
What shall I know? 'tis you have injured me.
What will you make? make me acknowledge it!
Fetch forth that Gasper, that lewd counterfeit.
I'll make him to your face approve your wrongs.

Enter Servants *with* Camillo.

Come on, false substance, shadow to Chamont,
Had you none else to work upon but me?
Was I your fittest project? well, confess
What you intended by this secret plot,
And by whose policy it was contriv'd.
Speak truth, and be intreated courteously;
But double with me, and resolve to prove
The extremest rigour that I can inflict.

Cam. My honoured lord, hear me with patience;
Nor hope of favour, nor the fear of torment,
Shall sway my tongue from uttering of a truth.

Count F. 'Tis well, proceed then.

Cam. The morn before this battle did begin,
Wherein my Lord Chamont and I were ta'en,
We vow'd one mutual fortune, good or bad,
That day should be embracéd of us both;

And urging that might worse succeed our vow,
We there concluded to exchange our names.
Count F. Then Maximilian took you for Chamont?
Cam. True, noble lord.
Count F. 'Tis false, ignoble wretch;
'Twas but a complot to betray my son.
Max. Count, thou liest in thy bosom, count.
Count F. Lie!
Cam. Nay, I beseech you, honoured gentlemen,
Let not the untimely ruin of your love
Follow these slight occurrents; be assured
Chamont's return will heal these wounds again,
And break the points of your too piercing thoughts.
Count F. Return! ay, when? when will Chamont return?
He'll come to fetch you, will he? ay, 'tis like!
You'd have me think so, that's your policy.
No, no, young gallant, your device is stale;
You cannot feed me with so vain a hope.
Cam. My lord, I feed you not with a vain hope;
I know assuredly he will return,
And bring your noble son along with him.
Max. Ay, I dare pawn my soul he will return.
Count F. O impudent derision! open scorn!
Intolerable wrong! is't not enough
That you have play'd upon me all this while.
But still to mock me, still to jest at me?
Fellows, away with him: thou ill-bred slave,
That sett'st no difference 'twixt a noble spirit
And thy own slavish humour, do not think
But I'll take worthy vengeance on thee, wretch.
Cam. Alas, these threats are idle, like the wind,
And breed no terror in a guiltless mind.
Count F. Nay, thou shalt want no torture, so resolve;
Bring him away. [*Exit.*

Cam. Welcome the worst, I suffer for a friend;
Your tortures will, my love shall never, end.
[*Exeunt* Servants *with* Camillo *and* Pacue.

Phœn. Alas, poor gentleman! my father's rage
Is too extreme, too stern and violent.
O that I knew with all my strongest powers
How to remove it from thy patient breast!
But that I cannot; yet my willing heart
Shall minister, in spite of tyranny,
To thy misfortune; something there is in him
That doth enforce this strange affection
With more than common rapture in my breast:
For being but Gasper, he is still as dear
To me as when he did Chamont appear.
[*Aside and exit.*

Aur. But in good sadness, signior, do you think Chamont will return?

Max. Do I see your face, lady?

Aur. Ay, sure, if love have not blinded you.

Max. That is a question; but I will assure you *no.* I can see, and yet love is in mine eye. Well, the count your father simply hath dishonoured me, and this steel shall engrave it on his burgonet.

Aur. Nay, sweet signior!

Max. Lady, I do prefer my reputation to my life;—but you shall rule me. Come, let's march.
[*Exit.*

Aur. I'll follow, signior. O sweet queen of love!
Sovereign of all my thoughts, and thou, fair Fortune,
Who, more to honour my affections,
Hast thus translated Gasper to Chamont!
Let both your flames now burn in one bright sphere,
And give true light to my aspiring hopes:
Hasten Chamont's return, let him affect me,
Though father, friends, and all the world reject me.
[*Exit.*

[*Act V.—Scene 1.*]

Enter Angelo *and* Christophero.

Ang. Sigh for a woman! Would I fold mine arms,
Rave in my sleep, talk idly being awake,
Pine and look pale, make love-walks in the night,
To steal cold comfort from a day-star's eyes!
Kit, thou art a fool; wilt thou be wise? then lad,
Renounce this boy-god's nice idolatry,
Stand not on compliment and wooing tricks;
Thou lovest old Jaques' daughter, dost thou?

Chris. Love her!

Ang. Come, come, I know't; be rul'd, and she's thine own.
Thou'lt say, her father Jaques, the old beggar,
Hath pawn'd his word to thee, that none but thou
Shalt be his son-in-law.

Chris. He has.

Ang. He has!
Wilt thou believe him, and be made a cokes,
To wait on such an antique weathercock?
Why, he is more inconstant than the sea,
His thoughts, camelion-like, change every minute:
No, Kit, work soundly, steal the wench away,
Wed her, and bed her; and when that is done,
Then say to Jaques, Shall I be your son?
But come, to our device; where is this gold?

Chris. Here, Signior Angelo.

Ang. Bestow it, bid thy hands shed golden drops;
Let these bald French crowns be uncovered,
In open sight to do obeisance
To Jaques' staring eyes when he steps forth;

The needy beggar will be glad of gold.—
So! now keep thou aloof, and as he treads
This gilded path, stretch out his ambling hopes
With scattering more and more, and as thou goest,
Cry Jaques! Jaques!

Chris. Tush, let me alone.

Ang. [But] first I'll play the ghost, I'll call him out;
Kit, keep aloof.

Chris. But, Signior Angelo,
Where will yourself and Rachel stay for me,
After the jest is ended?

Ang. Mass, that's true:
At the old priory behind St. Foy's.

Chris. Agreed, no better place: I'll meet you there. [*Retires dropping the gold.*

Ang. Do, good fool, do; but I'll not meet you there.
Now to this gear.—Jaques! Jaques! what, Jaques!

Jaq. [*within*]. Who calls? who's there!

Ang. Jaques!

Jaq. [*within*]. Who calls?

Ang. Steward, he comes, he comes.—Jaques! [*Retires.*

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. What voice is this?
Nobody here! was I not called? I was;
And one cried Jaques with a hollow voice.
I was deceiv'd; no, I was not deceiv'd.
[*Sees the gold.*
See, see, it was an angel call'd me forth
Gold, gold, man-making gold! another star!
Drop they from heaven? no, no, my house, I hope,
Is haunted with a fairy. My dear Lar,
My household god, my fairy, on my knees—

Chris. [*within*]. Jaques!

Jaq. My Lar doth call me; O sweet voice,
Musical as the spheres! see, see, more gold!
Chris. [*within*]. Jaques!
Jaq. What, Rachel, Rachel!

Enter Rachel.

Lock my door
Look to my house.
Chris. [*within*]. Jaques!
Jaq. Shut fast my door.
A golden crown! Jaques shall be a king.
[*Exit, following the sound, and picking up the gold.*
Ang. [*comes forward*]. To a fool's paradise that path will bring
Thee and thy household Lar.
Rach. What means my father?
I wonder what strange humour—
Ang. Come, sweet soul,
Leave wondering, start not, 'twas I laid this plot,
To get thy father forth.
Rach. O Angelo!
Ang. O me no O's, but hear; my lord your love,
Paulo Ferneze, is return'd from war,
Lingers at Pont Valerio, and from thence
By post, at midnight last, I was conjur'd
To man you thither. Stand not on replies;
A horse is saddled for you;—will you go?
And I am for you; if you will stay, why so.
Rach. O Angelo, each minute is a day
Till my Ferneze come; come, we'll away, sir.
[*Exit.*
Ang. Sweet soul, I guess thy meaning by thy looks;
At Pont Valerio thou thy love shalt see,
But not Ferneze.—Steward, fare you well.
You wait for Rachel too: when! can you tell?
[*Exit hastily.*

Re-enter Jaques *with his hands full of money.*

Jaq. O in what golden circle have I danc'd!
Milan, these odorous and enflower'd fields
Are none of thine; no, here's Elysium;
Here blessed ghosts do walk; this is the court
And glorious palace where the god of gold
Shines like the sun, of sparkling majesty.
O [my] fair-feathered, my red-breasted birds,
Come fly with me, I'll bring you to a choir,
Whose consort being sweetened with your sound,
The music will be fuller, and each hour
These ears shall banquet with your harmony.
O! O! O! [*Exit.*

Re-enter Christophero.

Chris. At the old priory behind St. Foy's,
That was the place of our appointment, sure;
I hope he will not make me lose my gold
And mock me too; perhaps they are within;
I'll knock.

Jaq. [*within*]. O God! THE CASE IS ALTERED.

Chris. Rachel! Angelo! Signior Angelo!

Re-enter Jaques.

Jaq. Angels! ay, where? mine angels! where's my gold!
Why, Rachel! O thou thievish cannibal!
Thou eat'st my flesh in stealing of my gold.

Chris. What gold?

Jaq. What gold? Rachel! call help, come forth!
I'll rip thine entrails, but I'll have my gold.
Rachel! why comes thou not? I am undone.
Ay me, she speaks not! thou hast slain my child.
[*Exit.*

Chris. What, is the man possest, trow! this is strange!
Rachel, I see, is gone with Angelo.

Well, I'll once again unto the priory,
And see if I can meet them. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Jaques.

Jaq. 'Tis too true,
Thou'st made away my child, thou hast my gold:
O what hyena call'd me out of doors?
The thief is gone, my gold's gone, Rachel's gone,
All's gone! save that I spend my cries in vain;
But I'll hence too, and die, or end this pain. [*Exit.*

[Scene 2.]

Enter Juniper *and* Onion [*richly dressed, and drunk, followed by*] Finio *and* Valentine.

Jun. 'Swounds, let me go; hey, catso! catch him alive; I call, I call, boy; I come, I come, sweetheart.

Oni. Page, hold my rapier, while I hold my friend here.

Val. O here's a sweet metamorphosis! a couple of buzzards turned to a pair of peacocks.

Jun. Signior Onion, lend me thy boy to unhang my rapier.

Oni. Signior Juniper, for once or so; but troth is, you must inveigle, as I have done, my lord's page here, a poor follower of mine.

Jun. Hey ho! your page then shall not be superintendent upon me? he shall not be addicted? he shall not be incident, he shall not be incident, he shall not be incident, shall he?

[*He foins with his rapier.*

Fin. O sweet Signior Juniper.

Jun. 'Sblood, stand away, princox! do not aggravate my joy.

Val. Nay, good Master Onion.

Oni. Nay, and he have the heart to draw my blood, let him come.

Jun. I'll slice you, Onion; I'll slice you.

Oni. I'll cleave you, Juniper.

Val. Why, hold, hold, ho! what do you mean?

Jun. Let him come, ingle; stand by, boy, his alabaster blade cannot fear me.

Fin. Why hear you, sweet signior, let not there be any contention between my master and you about me; if you want a page, sir, I can help you to a proper stripling.

Jun. Canst thou! what parentage, what ancestry, what genealogy is he?

Fin. A French boy, sir.

un. Has he his French linguist? has he?

Fin. Ay, sir.

Jun. Then transport him; here's a crusado for thee.

Oni. You will not imbezzle my servant with your benevolence, will you? hold, boy, there's a portmanteau for thee.

Fin. Lord, sir!

Oni. Do take it, boy; it's three pounds ten shillings, a portmanteau.

Fin. I thank your lordship. [*Exit.*

Jun. Sirrah ningle, thou art a traveller, and I honour thee. I prithee discourse, cherish thy muse, discourse.

Val. Of what, sir?

Jun. Of what thou wilt; 'sblood, hang sorrow.

Oni. Prithee, Valentine, assoil me one thing.

Val. 'Tis pity to soil you, sir, your new apparel—

Oni. Mass, thou say'st true, apparel makes a man forget himself.

Jun. Begin, find your tongue, ningle.

Val. Now will I gull these ganders rarely. Gentlemen, having in my peregrination through Mesopotamia —

Jun. Speak legibly, this game's gone, without the great mercy of God. Here's a fine tragedy indeed! there's a keisar royal! 'slid, nor king nor keisar shall—

Re-enter Fino *with* Pacue, Balthasar, *and* Martino.

Bal. Where, where, Finio, where be they?

Jun. Go to, I'll be with you anon.

Oni. O here's the page, Signior Juniper.

Jun. What saith Monsieur Onion, boy?

Fin. What say you, sir?

Jun. Tread out, boy.

Fin. Take up, you mean, sir.

Jun. Tread out, I say; so! I thank you,—is this the boy?

Pac. Oui, monsieur.

Jun. Who gave you that name?

Pac. Give me de name, vat name?

Oni. He thought your name had been *We.* Young gentleman, you must do more than his legs can do for him, bear with him, sir.

Jun. Sirrah, give me instance of your carriage; you'll serve my turn, will you?

Pac. Vat turn? upon the toe!

Fin. O signior, no.

Jun. Page, will you follow me? I'll give you good exhibition.

Pac. By gar, shall not alone follow you, but shall lead you too.

Oni. Plaguy boy! he soothes his humour; these French villains ha' pocky wits.

Jun. Here, disarm me, take my semitary.

Val. O rare! this would be a rare man, and

he had a little travel.—Balthasar, Martino, put off your shoes, and bid him cobble them.

Jun. Friends, friends, but pardon me; for, fellows, no more in occupation, no more in corporation; 'tis so, pardon me; THE CASE IS ALTERED; this is law, but I'll stand to nothing.

Pac. Fait, so me tink.

Jun. Well, then God save the duke's majesty; is this any harm now? speak, is this any harm now?

Oni. No, nor good neither, 'sblood!—

Jun. Do you laugh at me, do you laugh at me, do you laugh at me?

Val. Ay, sir, we do.

Jun. You do indeed?

Val. Ay, indeed, sir.

Jun. 'Tis sufficient: page, carry my purse; dog me. [*Exit.*

Oni. Gentlemen, leave him not! you see in what case he is; he is not in adversity, his purse is full of money; leave him not. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE 3.]

Enter Angelo *with* Rachel.

Ang. Nay, gentle Rachel!

Rach. Away! forbear, ungentle Angelo!
Touch not my body with those impious hands,
That, like hot irons, sear my trembling heart,
And make it hiss at your disloyalty.

Enter Paulo Ferneze *and* Chamont [*at a distance.*]

Was this your drift, to use Ferneze's name?
Was he your fittest stale? O vild dishonour!

Pau. Stay, noble sir. [*Holding back* Chamont.

Ang. 'Sblood, how like a puppet do you talk now!

Dishonour! what dishonour? come, come, fool;
Nay, then I see you are peevish. 'Sheart, dishonour!
To have you to a priest, and marry you,
And put you in an honourable state.
Rach. To marry me! O heaven! can it be
That men should live with such unfeeling souls,
Without or touch of conscience or religion?
Or that their warping appetites should spoil
Those honoured forms that the true seal of friendship
Had set upon their faces?
Ang. Do you hear?
What needs all this? say, will you have me, or no?
Rach. I'll have you gone, and leave me, if you would.
Ang. Leave you! I was accurst to bring you hither,
And make so fair an offer to a fool.
A pox upon you, why should you be coy?
What good thing have you in you to be proud of?
Are you any other than a beggar's daughter?—
Because you have beauty!—O God's light! a blast!
Pau. Ay, Angelo!
Ang. You scornful baggage.
I lov'd thee not so much but now I hate thee.
Rach. Upon my knees, you heavenly powers, I thank you,
That thus have tam'd his wild affections.
Ang. This will not do, I must to her again. [*Aside.*
Rachel!
O that thou saw'st my heart, or did'st behold
The place from whence that scalding sigh evented!
Rachel, by Jesu, I love thee as my soul,
Rachel, sweet Rachel!

Rach. What, again return'd
Unto this violent passion!
Ang. Do but hear me;
By heaven I love you, Rachel.
Rach. Pray forbear.
O that my Lord Ferneze were but here!
Ang. 'Sblood! an he were, what would he do?
Pau. [*rushes forward.*] This would he do, base villain. [*Flings him off.*
Rach. My dear lord! [*Runs into his arms.*
Pau. Thou monster, even the soul of treachery!
O what dishonoured title of reproach
May my tongue spit in thy deserved face!
Methinks my very presence should invert
The steeled organs of those traitorous eyes,
To take into thy heart, and pierce it through.
Turn'st thou them on the ground? wretch, dig a grave
With their sharp points, to hide thy abhorred head—
Sweet love, thy wrongs have been too violent
Since my departure from thee, I perceive;
But now true comfort shall again appear,
And, like an armed angel, guard thee safe
From all the assaults of covered villany.
Come, monsieur, let's go, and leave this wretch
To his despair.
Ang. My noble Ferneze!
Pau. What, canst thou speak to me, and not thy tongue,
Forc'd with the torment of thy guilty soul,
Break that infected circle of thy mouth,
Like the rude clapper of a crazed bell!
I, that in thy bosom lodg'd my soul,
With all her train of secrets, thinking them
To be as safe and richly entertained

As in a prince's court or tower of strength:
And thou to prove a traitor to my trust,
And basely to expose it! O this world!
Ang. My honourable lord.
Pau. The very owl,
Whom other birds do stare and wonder at,
Shall hoot at thee; and snakes, in every bush,
Shall deaf thine ears with their—
Cha. Nay, good my lord,
Give end unto your passions.
Ang. You shall see
I will redeem your lost opinion.
Rach. My lord, believe him,
Cha. Come, be satisfied:
Sweet lord, you know our haste; let us to horse,
The time for my engaged return is past.
Be friends again, take him along with you.
Pau. Come, Signior Angelo, hereafter prove more true. [*Exeunt.*

[Scene 4.]

Enter Count Ferneze, Maximilian, *and* Francisco.

Count F. Tut, Maximilian, for your honoured self
I am persuaded; but no words shall turn
The edge of purpos'd vengeance on that wretch.
Come, bring him forth to execution.—

Enter Servants *with* Camillo *bound.*

I'll hang him for my son; he shall not 'scape,
Had he a hundred lives.—Tell me, vile slave,
Think'st thou I love my son? is he my flesh?
Is he my blood, my life? and shall all these
Be tortur'd for thy sake, and not reveng'd?—
Truss up the villain.
Max. My lord, there is no law to confirm this action;
'Tis dishonourable.

Count F. Dishonourable, Maximilian!
It is dishonourable in Chamont:
The day of his prefixed return is past,
And he shall pay for it.
Cam. My lord, my lord,
Use your extremest vengeance; I'll be glad
To suffer ten times more for such a friend.
Count F. O resolute and peremptory wretch!
Fran. My honoured lord, let us entreat a word.
Count F. I'll hear no more; I say he shall not live;
Myself will do it.— Stay, what form is this
Stands betwixt him and me, and holds my hand?
What miracle is this? 'tis my own fancy
Carves this impression in me; my soft nature,
That ever hath retained such foolish pity
Of the most abject creature's misery,
That it abhors it. What a child am I
To have a child! ah me! my son, my son!
[*Weeps, and walks aside.*

Enter Christophero.

Chris. O my dear love, what is become of thee?
What unjust absence layest thou on my breast,
Like weights of lead, when swords are at my back,
That run me thorough with thy unkind flight!
My gentle disposition waxeth wild;
I shall run frantic. O my love, my love!

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My gold, my gold, my life, my soul, my heaven!
What is become of thee? see, I'll impart
My miserable loss to my good lord.—
Let me have search, my lord, my gold is gone.

Count F. My son, Christophero, — think'st it possible
Lever shall behold his face again?
Chris. O father, where's my love? were you so careless
To let an unthrift steal away your child?
Jaq. I know your lordship may find out my gold.
For God's sake pity me; justice, sweet lord!
Count F. Now they have young Chamont, Christophero,
Surely they never will restore my son.
Chris. Who would have thought you could have been so careless,
To lose your only daughter?
Jaq. Who would think
That looking to my gold with such hare's eyes,
That ever open, ay, even when they sleep,
I thus should lose my gold! my noble lord,
What says your lordship?
Count F. O my son, my son!
Chris. My dearest Rachel!
Jaq. My most honey gold!
Count F. Hear me, Christophero.
Chris. Nay, hear me, Jaques.
Jaq. Hear me, most honour'd lord.
Max. What rule is here?
Count F. O God, that we should let Chamont escape!
Chris. Ay, and that Rachel, such a virtuous maid,
Should be thus stolen away!
Jaq. And that my gold,
Being so hid in earth, should be found out!
Max. O confusion of languages, and yet no tower of Babel!

Enter Aurelia *and* Phœnixella.

Fran. Ladies, beshrew me, if you come not fit
To make a jangling consort; will you laugh
To see three constant passions?
Max. Stand by, I will urge them.—
Sweet count, will you be comforted?
Count F. It cannot be
But he is handled the most cruelly
That ever any noble prisoner was.
Max. Steward, go cheer my lord.
Chris. Well, if Rachel took her flight willingly—
Max. Sirrah, speak you touching your daughter's flight?
Jaq. O that I could so soon forget to know
The thief again that had my gold, my gold!
Max. Is not this pure?
Count F. O thou base wretch, I'll drag thee through the streets;
And as a monster make thee wondered at—

Enter Balthasar.

How now? [Balthasar *whispers with him*
Phœn. Sweet gentleman, how too unworthily
Art thou thus tortured! Brave Maximilian,
Pity the poor youth, and appease my father.
Count F. How! my son return'd! O Maximilian,
Francisco, daughters, bid him enter here.
Dost thou not mock me?—

Enter Paulo Ferneze, Rachel, Chamont, *and* Angelo.

O, my dear Paulo, welcome.
Max. My Lord Chamont!
Cha. My Gasper!
Chris. Rachel!
Jaq. My gold, Rachel, my gold?
Count F. Somebody bid the beggar cease his noise.

Chris. O Signior Angelo, would you deceive
Your honest friend that simply trusted you?—
Well, Rachel, I am glad thou art here again.
Ang. I'faith, she is not for you, steward.
Jaq. I beseech you, madam, urge your father.
Phœn. I will anon; good Jaques, be content.
Aur. Now God a mercy, Fortune, and sweet Venus,
Let Cupid do his part, and all is well.
Phœn. Methinks my heart's in heaven with this comfort.
Cha. Is this the true Italian courtesy?
Ferneze, were you tortur'd thus in France?
By my soul's safety—
Count F. My most noble lord, [*Kneels.*
I do beseech your lordship.
Cha. Honoured count, [*Raises him.*
Wrong not your age with flexure of a knee,
I do impute it to those cares and griefs
That did torment you in your absent son.
Count F. O worthy gentlemen, I am asham'd
That my extreme affection to my son
Should give my honour so uncur'd a maim;
But my first son being in Vicenza lost—
Cha. How? in Vicenza? lost you a son there?
About what time, my lord?
Count F. O' the same night
Wherein your noble father took the town.
Cha. How long's that since, my lord? can you remember?
Count F. 'Tis now well nigh upon the twentieth year.
Cha. And how old was he then?
Count F. I cannot tell;
Between the years of three and four, I take it.
Cha. Had he no special note in his attire,
Or otherwise, that you can call to mind?

Count F. I cannot well remember his attire;
But I have often heard his mother say
He had about his neck a tablet,
Given to him by the Emperor Sigismund,
His godfather, with this inscription,
Under the figure of a silver globe,
In minimo mundus.

Cha. How did you call
Your son, my lord?

Count F. Camillo, Lord Chamont.

Cha. Then no more my Gasper, but Camillo!
Take notice of your father.—Gentlemen,
Stand not amazed; here is a tablet,
With that inscription, found about his neck,
That night and in Vicenza, by my father,
Who, being ignorant what name he had,
Christened him Gasper; nor did I reveal
This secret till this hour to any man.

Count F. O happy revelation! O blest hour!
O my Camillo!

Phœn. O strange! my brother!

Fran. Maximilian,
Behold how the abundance of his joy
Drowns him in tears of gladness.

Count F. O, my boy,
Forgive thy father's late austerity.

Max. My lord, I delivered as much before, but your honour would not be persuaded; I will hereafter give more observance to my visions; I dreamt of this.

Jaq. I can be still no longer; my good lord,
Do a poor man some grace 'mongst all your joys.

Count F. Why, what's the matter, Jaques?

Jaq. I am robb'd;
I am undone, my lord; robb'd and undone.
A heap of thirty thousand golden crowns
Stolen from me in one minute, and I fear

By her confederacy that calls me father;
But she is none of mine; therefore, sweet lord,
Let her be tortured to confess the truth.

Max. More wonders yet.

Count F. How, Jaques! is not Rachel then thy daughter?

Jaq. No, I disclaim in her; I spit at her:
She is a harlot, and her customers,
Your son, this gallant, and your steward here,
Have all been partners with her in my spoil;
No less than thirty thousand.

Count F. Jaques, Jaques,
This is impossible; how shouldst thou come
To the possession of so huge a heap,
Being always a known beggar?

Jaq. Out, alas!
I have betrayed myself with my own tongue;
THE CASE IS ALTERED. [*Going.*

Count F. One stay him there.

Max. What, means he to depart? — Count Ferneze, upon my soul this beggar is a counterfeit. Urge him. — Didst thou lose gold?

Jaq. O no, I lost no gold.

Max. Said I not true?

Count F. How! didst thou first lose thirty thousand crowns,
And now no gold? was Rachel first thy child,
And is she now no daughter? Sirrah Jaques,
You know how far our Milan laws extend
For punishment of liars.

Jaq. Ay, my lord.—
What shall I do? I have no starting-holes. [*Aside.*
Monsieur Chamont, stand you my honoured lord.

Cha. For what, old man?

Jaq. Ill-gotten goods ne'er thrive;
I play'd the thief, and now am robb'd myself.

I am not as I seem, Jaques de Prie,
Nor was I born a beggar as I am;
But some time steward to your noble father.
Cha. What, Melun!
That robb'd my father's treasure, stole my sister?
Jaq. Ay, ay; that treasure is lost, but Isabel,
Your beauteous sister, here survives in Rachel;
And therefore on my knees——
Max. Stay, Jaques, stay;

THE CASE STILL ALTERS.

Count F. Fair Rachel sister to the Lord Chamont!
Ang. Steward, your cake is dough as well as mine.
Pau. I see that honour's flames cannot be hid,
No more than lightning in the blackest cloud.
Max. Then, sirrah, it is true you have lost this gold?
Jaq. Ay, worthy signior, thirty thousand crowns.
Count F. Mass, who was it told me that a couple of my men were become gallants of late?
Fran. Marry, 'twas I, my lord; my man told me.

Enter Onion *and* Juniper [*dressed as before*].

Max. How now! what pageant is this?
Jun. Come, Signior Onion, let's not be ashamed to appear; keep state, look not ambiguous now.
Oni. Not while I am in this suit.
Jun. Lordlings, equivalence to you all.
Oni. We thought good to be so good as to see you, gentlemen.
Max. What, Monsieur Onion!
Oni. How dost thou, good captain?
Count F. What, are my hinds turned gentlemen.
Oni. Hinds, sir! 'sblood, and that word will bear [an] action, it shall cost us a thousand pound apiece but we'll be revenged.

Jun. Wilt thou sell thy lordship, count?

Count F. What! peasants purchase lordships?

Jun. Is that any novels, sir?

Max. O transmutation of elements! it is certified you had pages.

Jun. Ay, sir; but it is known they proved ridiculous; they did pilfer, they did purloin, they did procrastinate our purses; for the which wasting of our stock we have put them to the stocks.

Count F. And thither shall you two presently.
These be the villains that stole Jaques' gold;
Away with them, and set them with their men.

Max. Onion, you will now be peeled.

Fran. THE CASE IS ALTERED now.

Oni. Good my lord, good my lord!—

Jun. Away, scoundrel! dost thou fear a little elocution? shall we be confiscate now? shall we droop now? shall we be now in helogabolus?

Oni. Peace, peace, leave thy gabbling.

Count F. Away, away with them; what's this they prate? [*Exeunt* Servants *with* Jun. *and* Oni.
Keep the knaves sure; strict inquisition
Shall presently be made for Jaques' gold,
To be dispos'd at pleasure of Chamont.

Cha. She is your own, Lord Paulo, if your father
Give his consent.

Ang. How now, Christophero! THE CASE IS ALTERED.

Chris. With you as well as me; I am content, sir.

Count F. With all my heart; and in exchange of her,
If with your fair acceptance it may stand,
I tender my Aurelia to your love.

Cha. I take her from your lordship with all thanks,
And bless the hour wherein I was made prisoner,

For the fruition of this present fortune,
So full of happy and unlook'd-for joys.—
Melun, I pardon thee; and for the treasure,
Recover it, and hold it as thine own:
It is enough for me to see my sister
Live in the circle of Ferneze's arms,
My friend, the son of such a noble father,
And my unworthy self rapt above all,
By being the lord to so divine a dame.

Max. Well, I will now swear the CASE IS ALTERED.—Lady, fare you well; I will subdue my affections.—Madam, as for you, you are a profest virgin, and I will be silent.—My honourable Lord Ferneze, it shall become you at this time not to be frugal, but bounteous and open-handed; your fortune hath been so to you.—Lord Chamont, you are now no stranger; you must be welcome; you have a fair, amiable, and splendeous lady:—but, Signior Paulo, Signior Camillo, I know you valiant; be loving.—Lady, I must be better known to you.—Signiors, for you I pass you not, though I let you pass; for in truth I pass not of you.—Loevrs to your nuptials, lordings to your dances. March fair all, for a *fair March is worth a king's ransom.*

[*Exeunt.*

The end.

THE CASE IS ALTERED

A COMEDY

By

BEN JONSON

PRESENTED BY STUDENTS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO AT
THE AUDITORIUM THEATER, MAY SEVENTEENTH,
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO

Revised after the original edition of 1609

CHICAGO
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
1902

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Feb. 2009

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

L. OF C.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 013 915 4